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STORIES BY AMERICAN AUTHORS.

VOLUME 9

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Thos N. Page

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Stories by American Authors

VOLUME IX

MARSE CHAN
BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

MR. BIXBY'S CHRISTMAS VISITOR
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HOW OLD WIGGINS WORE SHIP
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"—MAS HAS COME
BY LEONARD KIP

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1899

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MARSE CHAN.

A TALE OF OLD VIRGINIA.

By Thomas Nelson Page.

ONE afternoon, in the autumn of 1872, I
riding leisurely down the sandy road
winds along the top of the water-shed betwee
of the smaller rivers of eastern Virginia. The
I was travelling, following "the ridge" for
had just struck me as most significant of the
acter of the race whose only avenue of comm
tion with the outside world it had formerly
Their once splendid mansions, now fast
to decay, appeared to view from time to ti
back far from the road, in proud seclusion
groves of oak and hickory now scarlet a
with the early frost. Distance was nothin
people; time was of no consequence
hey desired but a level path in life, and

Century Magazine, April, 1884.

the way was longer and the outer by them as they dreamed.

aroused from my reflections by hearing ahead of me calling, "Heah!—heah—heah!"

the curve in the road, I saw just before standing, with a hoe and a watering-pot He had evidently just gotten over rm-fence" into the road, out of the path zigzag across the "old field" and was sight in the dense growth of sassafras. rode up, he was looking anxiously back is path for his dog. So engrossed was he did not even hear my horse, and I reined it until he should turn around and satisfy sity as to the handsome old place half a from the road.

merous out-buildings and the large barns s told that it had once been the seat of the wild waste of sassafras that covered fields gave it an air of desolation that cited my interest. Entirely oblivious of ity, the negro went on calling, "Whoo-!" until along the path, walking very with great dignity, appeared a noble-orange and white setter, gray with rpulent with excessive feeding. As ame in sight, his master began:

you! You gittin' deaf as well as se! Kyarnt heah me callin', I reckon? come on, dawg?"

The setter sauntered slowly up to the fe
stopped without even deigning a look
speaker, who immediately proceeded to t
rails down, talking meanwhile :

"Now, I got to pull down de gap, I
Yo' so sp'ilt yo' kyahn' hardly walk. Jes'
to git over it as I is ! Jes' like white folk
'cuz you's white and I's black, I got to wai
all de time. Ne'm mine, I ain' gwi' do it
The fence having been pulled down su
low to suit his dogship, he marched
through, and, with a hardly perceptibl
movement of his tail, walked on down
Putting up the rails carefully, the negr
and saw me.

"Sarvent, marster," he said, taking h
Then, as if apologetically for having
a stranger to witness what was merely
affair, he added : "He know I don' mea
by what I sez. He's Marse Chan's daw g
so ole he kyahn git long no pearter.
I'se jes' prodjickin' wid 'im."

"Who is Marse Chan ?" I asked ; "a
place is that over there—and the one a mi
back—the place with the big gate and t
stone pillars ?"

"Marse Chan," said the darkey, "h
Channin'—my young marster ; an' der
dis one's Weall's, an' de one back dy
rock gate-pos's is ole Cun'l Chahmb'
don' nobody live dyar now, 'cep' nigg

ome one or nu der bought our place, but
e done kind o' ipped me. I nuvver hearn
oefo'; I think y's half-strainers. I don'
e on 'em no o s. I lives down de road
little piece, an' jes' steps down of a even-
d looks arfter de raves."
Vell, where is Mar Chan?" I asked.
Hi! don' you know Marse Chan, he went
e army. I wuz wid 'im. Yo' know he warn'
he an' lef' Sam."
Will you tell me all about it?" I said, dis-
unting.
instantly, and as if by instinct, the darky
epped forward and took my bridle. I demurred a
tle; but with a bow that would have honored
d Sir Roger, he shortened the reins, and taking
y horse from me, led him along.
"Now tell me about Marse Chan," I said.
"Lawd, marster, hit's so long ago, I'd a'most
orgit all about it, ef I hedn' been wid him ever
ence he wuz born. Ez 'tis, I remembers it jes'
ke 'twuz yistiddy. Yo' know Marse Chan an'
e—we wuz boys togedder. I wuz older'n he
uz, jes' de same ez he wuz whiter'n me. I wuz
rn plantin' corn time, de spring arfter big Jim
' de six steers got washed away at de upper ford
ht down dyar b'low de quarters ez he wuz a
ngin' de Chris'mas things home; an' Marse
n, he warn' born tell mos' to der harves' arfter
sister Nancy married Cun'l Chahmb'lin's
n, 'bout eight years arfterwoods.

"Well, when Marse Chan wuz born dey
grettes' doin's at home you ever did see. D
all hed holiday, jes' like in de Chris'mas
marster (we didn' call 'im *ole* marster tell
Marse Chan wuz born—befo' dat he wuz
marster, so)—well, ole marster, his face fy a
wid pleasure, an' all de folks wuz might
too, 'cause dey all loved ole marster, an
dey did step aroun' right peart when ole
wuz lookin' at 'em, dyar warn' nyar han
place but what, ef he wanted anythin', wou
up to de back poach, an' say he warn' t
marster. An' ev'ybody wuz talkin' '
young marster, an' de maids an' de wimme
de kitchen wuz sayin' how 'twuz de purti
dey ever see; an' at dinner-time de mer
'em hed holiday) come roun' de poach a
de missis an' de young marster wuz
marster come out on de poach an' smi
'possum, an' sez, 'Thankee! Bofe doir
boys;' an' den he stepped back in de
o' laughin' to hisse'f, an' in a minute
ag'in wid de baby in he arms, all wr
flannens an' things, an' sez, 'Heah
All de folks den, dey went up on de
at 'im, drappin' dey hats on de steps
dey feets ez dey went up. An'
marster, lookin' down at we all chi
togedder down deah like a parecel
cotch sight o' *me* (he knowed my
use' to hole he hoss fur 'im som

ı by name, dey wuz so
'Come up heah.' So up
ıke, an' old marster sez,
ı?' 'Yass, seh,' sez I.
vine to give you to yo'
to be his body-servant,'
in my arms (it's de truth
jes' ought to a-heard de
ster, dat boy'll drap dat
t,' sez marster; 'I kin
sez: 'Now, Sam, from
' young Marse Channin';
'im ez long ez he lives.
om dis time. An' now,'
house.' An' he walks
lo's fur me, an' I kyars
s 'im down on de bed.
tooken in de house to be
vant.

see a chile grow so.
ght big, an' ole marster
ication. So he sont 'im
y down dyar, dis side o'
use' to go 'long wid
n' we all's snacks; an'
spell right good, an' got
Lawry she died, an' ole
a man to teach 'im an'
went to Mr. Hall, whar
nt de creek, an' dyar we
ys of co'se, an' sich days

ez Marse Chan din' warn' go, an' ole mi
'im off.

"Hit wuz down dyar Marse Char
notice o' Miss Anne. Mr. Hall, he tau
well ez boys, an' Cun'l Chahmb'lin h
daughter (dat's Miss Anne I'm talkin' al
wuz a leetle bit o' gal when she fust
see, her ma wuz dead, an' ole Miss Lu
b'lin, she lived wid her brudder an' kep
'im; an' he wuz so busy wid politics
have much time to spyar, so he sont M
Mr. Hall's by a 'ooman wid a note.
come dat day in de school-house, an' al
looked at her so hard, she tu'n right re
to pull her long curls over her eyes, a
bofe de backs of her little han's in her
an' begin to cry to herse'f. Marse Ch
settin' on de een' o' de bench nigh de
jes' reached out an' put he arm rou
drawed her up to 'im. An' he kep' wh
her, an' callin' her name, an' coddlin
pres'n'y she took her han's down an
laugh.

"Well, dey 'peared to tek' a gre't far
udder from dat time. Miss Anne
nuthin' but a baby hardly, an' Marse Ch
a good big boy 'bout mos' thirteen y
reckon. Hows'ever, dey sut'n'y wuz s
udder an' (yo' heah me!) ole marster
Chahmb'lin dey 'peared to like it 'bo
de chil'en. Yo' see Cun'l Chahmb'l

ez natural fur dem
k it one plantation,
own de bottom from
lin's. I don' rightly
t gittin' *married*, not
marryin' Judy when
hahmb'lin's, runnin'
s Lucy's spectacles ;
m de start. Marse
ne's books fur her
muddy or she wuz
twarn' hardly a day
some'n' to school—
r'. He wouldn' let
dder. Heh ! One
inger at Miss Anne,
he axed 'im 'roun'
ght, an' ef he didn'

peartes' scholar ole
e wuz mighty proud
to beat 'im ez much
e wuz de head in all
: he wuz in sayin' he

r, jes' 'fo' de school
storm right sudden,
cross' back yonder),
ss Anne home on he
t when de parf wuz
ey come to de creek.

it had done wa
mighty high, so Mar
down, an' he took a pol
took 'im long up to de sh
back, an' took Miss Anne
kyared her right over. At
but he tol' her he could swim
git hu't, an' den she let 'im
hol'in' his han's. I warn' 'lon
sut'n'y did dat thing.
"Ole marster he wuz so pleased
Marse Chan a pony; an' Marse C
school de day arfter he come, so pl
how he wuz gwine to let Anne rid
an' when he come home dat evenin' h
'Hi! where's yo' pony?' said ole
give 'im to Anne,' says Marse Chan
'im, an' —I kin walk.' 'Yes,' sez
laughin', 'I nex' s'pose you's already you
yo'se'f, an' thing I know you
this plantation and all my niggers.
"Well, about a fortnight or sic
dat, Cun'l Chahmb'lin sont over
we all over to dinner, an' Marse C
named in de note whar Ned br
dinner, he made ole Phil, Whar
driver, bring roun' Marse Chan'
side-saddle on 'im, an' a beautif
bran'-new saddle an' bridle of
up an' meks Marse Chan a gre
sents 'im de little hoss; an'

ıt on de poach in a little
ıts her on her pony, an'
hoss, an' dey goes to ride,
a-laughin' an' chattin' an'

: times, marster—de bes'
ız, in fac'! Niggers didn'
.o—jes' hed to 'ten' to de
hosses, an' doin' what de
; an' when dey wuz sick,
out de house, an' de same
whar 'ten' to de white folks
Dyar warn' no trouble nor

change arfter dat. Marse
lin' school, whar he use' to
Ole missis use' to read me
git Miss Anne to read 'em
ee her. He use' to write to
to write to him too. Den
ıt off to school too. An' in
l bofe come home, an' yo'
r Marse Chan lived at home
ahmb'lin's. He wuz over
ız always ridin' or fishin'
r; or sometimes he' go over
d go out an' set in de yard
ettin' up mekin' out she wuz
bright-cullored some'n', wid
up 'g'inst her, an' her hat
neck, an' he readin' to her

out books; an' sometimes dey'd bo
same book, fust one an' den todder.
'em! Dat wuz when dey wuz growi
"Den ole marster he run for Con
Cun'l Chahmb'lin he wuz put up to r
marster by de Dimicrats; but ole ma
'im. Yo' know he wuz gwine do da
wuz! Dat made ole Cun'l Chahml
mad, and dey stopt visitin' each udder
dey had been doin' all 'long. Den C
b'lin he sort o' got in debt, an' sel
niggers, an' dat's de way de fuss be
whar de lawsuit cum from. Ole mars
like nobody to sell niggers, an' knowin
Chahmb'lin wuz sellin' o' his, he writ
to buy his M'ria an' all her chil'en,
hed married our Zeek'yel. An' don'
Cun'l Chahmb'lin axed ole marster n
niggers wuz wuth fur M'ria. Befo' c
bought her, dough, de sheriff cum an'
M'ria an' a whole parecel o' udder nig
marster he went to de sale, an' bid fo
Cun'l Chahmb'lin he got some one to bid
marster. Dey wuz knocked out to o
dough, an' den dey hed a big lawsui
marster wuz agwine to co't, off an' on,
years, till at lars' de co't decided dat
longed to ole marster. Ole Cun'l Chahn
wuz so mad he sued ole marster for a l
lan' down dyah on de line fence, wh
onged to 'im. Evy'body knowed tit

own dyah now, I kin
ne fence, whar it hed
ɔefo' ole marster wuz
n wuz a mons'us per-
ırster he wouldn' let
, dat he wouldn'! So
't about dat, fur I don'
ster beat 'im.
Marse Chan wuz agoin'
lege, an' wuz growed
He wuz a ve'y likely
hed done mos' growed
ıyar up like ole missis
vuz jes' ez bright ez de
n cotch on it, an' her
yes, like her pa's, on'y
an' 'twarn' none o' de
ıe wuz. She an' Marse
' by one 'nudder, but I
id each udder ez when
om school on his back.
ɔve de ve'y groun' she
ɔinion. Heh! His face
r she come into chu'ch,
sun hed come th'oo a

eyes. D' yo' ever hyah
n' yo'? Well, one night
De stables, yo' know,
an' all de hosses wuz in
like 'twarn' no time befo'

all de folks an' de neighbors
wuz a-totin' water, an' a-try
critters, an' dey got a heap o
ker'ige-hosses dey wouldn' com
a-runnin' back'ads an' for'ads
a-nikerin' an' a-screamin', like
time hed come. Yo' could heah
pres'n'y ole marster said to Ha
de ker'ige-driver), 'Go in dya
'em; don' let 'em bu'n to deat
went right in. An' jes' arfter h
whar it hed fus' cotch fell in, a
'way up in de air; an' Ham didn
de fire begun to lick out under d
de ker'ige hosses' stalls wuz, an
ole marster tu'ned and kissed ole
standin' nigh him, wid her face j
sperit's, an', befo' anybody know
gwine do, jumped right in de d
come po'in' out behine 'im. We
'specks to hyah tell Judgment si
folks set up. Ole missis she jes'
her knees in de mud an' prayed
'peared like her pra'r wuz heard;
right out de same do', kyarin' Ha
arms, come ole marster, wid his cl
Dey flung water on 'im, an' put '
you b'lieve me, yo' wouldn' a-kn
marster. Yo' see, he hed find H
fall down in de smoke right by c
stalls, whar he sont him, an' he h

oo de fire what hed done cotch
e stable, an' to keep de flame
Ham Fisher's th'ote he hed tuk
mashed it all over Ham Fisher's
kep' Ham Fisher from bein' so
he wuz bu'nt dreadful! His
z all nyawed off, an' his face an'
: scorified terrible. Well, he jes'
lown, an' then he kind o' stag-
ole missis ketch' 'im in her
er, he warnt bu'nt so bad, an'
nonth or two; an' arfter a long
he got well, too; but he wuz
: arfter dat. He nuvver could
night.

he comed home from college
sut'n'y did nuss ole marster
ı 'ooman. Den he took charge
fter dat; an' I use' to wait on
ı we wuz boys togedder; an'
ip off an' have a fox-hunt, an'
ıe wuz in ole times, befo' ole
an' Miss Anne Chahmb'lin stopt
ır house, an' settin' onder de
e same book.

z good to me. Nothin' nuvver
bout dat. He nuvver hit me a
nuvver let nobody else do it,

: day, when he wuz a leetle bit
hed done tole we all chil'en not

to slide on de straw-stacks; an' on
Marse Chan thought ole marster h
'way from home. We watched hi
hoss an' ride up de road out o' sigh
out in de field a-slidin' an' a-slidin', v
ole marster. We started to run; bu
see us, an' he called us to come bac
whoppin' ez he did gi' us!

"Fust he took Marse Chan, an'
me up. He nuvver hu't me, but i
a-hollerin' ez hard ez I could sta
knowed dat wuz gwine mek him stop
he hed'n open he mouf long ez o
tunin' 'im; but soon ez he commen
an' I begin to holler, Marse Cha
cryin', an' stept right in befo' ol
ketchin' de whop, sed:

"'Stop, seh! Yo' sha'n't v
b'longs to me, an' ef you hit 'im a
set 'im free!'

"I wish yo' hed see ole marster
he warn' mo'n eight years ole, an'
ole marster stan'in' wid he whop
Marse Chan red an' cryin', hol'i
sayin' I b'longst to 'im.

"Ole marster, he raise' de wh
drapt it, an' broke out in a smile
he chuck' Marse Chan onder de
right roun' an' went away, laughi
I heah' 'im tellin' ole missis dat ev
'bout it.

arfter dat when dey
war. Dey wuz a-dic-
bout it fur two or th'ee
nuff, you know. Ole
n' of co'se Marse Chan
l Chahmb'lin, he wuz a
vor of de war, an' ole
dey wuz agin' it. Dey
de time, an' purty soon
t about ev' vywhar speak-
rginia ought to secede;
picked up to talk agin'
ey come to fight de duil.
Marse Chan dat mawnin',
Yo' see, it happen so:
peakin' down at de Deep
ind o' got de bes' of ole
de white folks laughed an'
l Chahmb'lin—my Lawd!
e wuz so mad. Well, when
speak, he jes' light into
a traitor, an' a ab'litionis',
all. Marse Chan, he jes'
un'l light into he pa. Ez
arster, I seen Marse Chan
D' yo' ever see a hoss rar
len at night when he see
'im from de side an' he
Ole Cun'l Chahmb'lin, he
id ole marster hed taught
arster wuz a wuss ab'lition-

is' dan he son. I looked at Marse Chan, an' s
myse'f: 'Fo' Gord! old Cun'l Chahmb'lin b
min', an' I hedn' got de wuds out, when ole C
Chahmb'lin 'cuse' ole marster o' cheatin' 'im
o' he niggers, an' stealin' piece o' he lan'—d
de lan' I tole you 'bout. Well, seh, nex' thin
knowed, I heahed Marse Chan—hit all happ
right 'long togedder, like lightnin' an' thun
when dey hit right at you—I heah 'im say:

"Cun'l Chahmb'lin, what you say is false,
yo' know it to be so. You have wilfully slande
one of the pures' an' nobles' men Gord ever ma
an' nothin' but yo' gray hyars protects you.'

"Well, ole Cun'l Chahmb'lin, he ra'ed an
pitch'd. He said he wan' too ole, an' he'd s
'im so.

"'Ve'y well,' says Marse Chan.

"De meetin' broke up den. I wuz hol
hosses out dyar in de road by de een' o' de po
I see Marse Chan talkin' an' talkin' to Mr. G
an' anudder gent'man, an' den he come o
got on de sorrel an' galloped off. Soon e
out o' sight, he pulled up, an' we walk
tell we come to de road whar leads off to
Barbour's. He wuz de big lawyer o' de
Dar he tu'ned off. All dis time he hed
wud, 'cep' to kind o' mumble to hisse'f
den. When we got to Mr. Barbour's,
down an' went in. Dat wuz in de late w
folks wuz jes' beginnin' to plough fur
ayed dyar 'bout two hours, an' when h

de gate wid 'im an' shake
ı de saddle. Den we all
—good dark ; an' we rid
ve come to de ole school-
nb'lin's gate. When we
down an' walked right
ter lookin' 'roun' a little
o see ef it wuz shet, he
he got to de creek. He
' picked up two or three
n in, an' pres'n'y he got
:. Ez he got down, he
de sorrel's nose, said :
; I'll want 'em early in

e laugh an' talk, an' he
ne. Arfter ole marster
charmber an' set on de
an' tellin' 'im 'bout de
t he never mention ole
. When he got up to
yard, whar he slept, he
'im jes' like he wuz a
an' he'd hardly let ole
ed some'n wuz up, an'
:arly befo' light, like he
come out pres'n'y jes'
I had de hosses ready,
vay to'ds de river. Ez

s togedder, wa'n't we ?'

"'Yes,' sez I, 'Marse Chan, d
"'You have been ve'y faithf
'an' I have seen to it that you
fur. You wan' to marry Judy, I
be able to buy her ef you want to
"Den he tole me he wuz go
an' in case he should git shot, h
an' giv' me nuff to tek keer o'
long ez we lived. He said he'd
tek keer o' ole marster an' ole
dey lived, an' he said it wouldn
reckoned. Dat wuz de on'y tim
when he said dat; an' I couldn'
th'oat choked me so.
"When we come to de river, w
de bank, an' arfter ridin' 'bout a
ter, we stopped whar dey wuz a
elder bushes on one side an' two b
udder, an' de sky wuz all red, a
to'ds whar de sun wuz comin' wu
"Pres'n'y Mr. Gordon he com
box 'bout so big 'fore 'im, an' h
Marse Chan tole me to tek all
'roun' behine de bushes whar I
one side; an' 'fore I go
'l Chahmb'lin an' Mr. Hen
ridin' from tudder way,
Chahmb'lin's. When dey hed t
udder gent'mens went up to
wuz, an' arfter some chattin' M
'bout fur ez 'cross dis road, or

Off to Cun'l Chahmb'lin's.

I seed 'em th'oo de bushes
talk' a little while; an' den
Cun'l Chahmb'lin walked up
han's, an' Marse Chan he
right to'ds de sun. I seen it
come up over de low groun's,
did sometimes when he come
wuz so skeered I couldn' say
Chahmb'lin could shoot fust
he never missed.

Mr. Gordon say, 'Gent'mens, is
of 'em sez, 'Ready,' jes' so.
one, two'—an' ez he said
hahmb'lin raised he pistil an'
Chan. De ball went th'oo his
sort o' settle on he head ez de
jes' tilted his pistil up in de a'r
ez de pistil went *bang*, he sez
in, 'I mek you a present to yo'

some talkin' arfter dat. I
at it wuz; but it 'peared like
he warn't satisfied, an' wanted
ot. De seconds dey wuz talk-
y put de pistils up, an' Marse
on shook han's wid Mr. Hennin
ne an' got on dey hosses. An'
he got on his horse an' rode
r gent'mens, lookin' like he
hen all de people laughed at

"I b'lieve ole Cun'l Chahmb'l
Marse Chan, anyway !

"We come on home to breakfas
wid de pistils befo' me on the ro
b'lieve me, seh, Marse Chan he n
'bout it to ole marster or nob
didn' fin' out 'bout it for mo
den, Lawd ! how she did cry and
an' ole marster, aldo' he never s
jes' ez please' ez ole missis. H
room an' made me tole 'im all 'b
got th'oo he gi' me five dolla
breeches.

"But ole Cun'l Chahmb'lin h
give Marse Chan, and Miss Anne
Wimmens is mons'us onreasonabl
jes' like a catfish : you can n' tek'
udder folks, an' when you gits
always hole 'em.

"What meks me think so? H
dis : Marse Chan he done gi' Miss
ez good ez I gi' Marse Chan's da
an' she git mad wid 'im ez if he
o' sen'in' 'im back to her dat m
soun'. B'lieve me ! she wouldn
'im arfter dat !

"Don' I 'member dat mawnin
"We wuz gwine fox-huntin',
such a matter arfter de duil, an'
ridin' 'long wid anudder lady
whar wuz stayin' at her house.

Well, dat
'Twuz de
:e de duil,
ooks right
he nuvver
when she
n', Sam ! '
: look dat
ss 'im like
n 'im back
. He ve'y
id 'im, but
e pres'n'y,
n'l Chahm-
s mawnin'.
nouse, whar
l to ole Mr.
an' no prod-

:ll 'way late,
' been de ole
mashes he'd
rmed up wid
He walked
: de way, an'
nter day, an'
ez ef he hed
hmb'lin's to
: so sence I
.n' bad ez he

"Whew! he didn' git over
nuvver did git over it.

"De war come on jes' den, ar
elected cap'n; but he wouldn
Firginia hadn' seceded, an' he
her. Den dey 'lected Mr. Gord

"I sut'n'y did wan' Marse Ch
cuz I knowed he wuz gwine te
wan' gwine widout Sam. An'
po' an' thin, I thought he wuz
"Of co'se ole missis she
she met Miss Anne in de road,
Miss Anne cut Marse Chan.

"Ole missis, she wuz proud e
wuz mo' strangers dan ef we h
derd miles of each udder. A
wuz gittin' thinner an' thinne
come out, an' den Marse Char
mond an' listed, an' come bac
private, an' he didn' know wh
or not. He writ to Mr. Gor
'twuz decided that when he we
an' wait on him, an' de cap'
dat, yo' know, long ez I could
an' I like' Mr. Gordon, anywa
"Well, one night Marse Ch
de offis wid a telegram dat s
so he wuz to start nex' mawni
all ready, gray wid yaller trin
ready too, an' he had ole m
de State gi' 'im in de Mexik

n, an' my chist
druv 'em over
uz to start nex'
bout de las' o'
e missis made
, an' he sut'n'y
nustache an' he

n' sez : 'Sam, I
it over to Cun'l
ne wid yo' own
sez. Don' let
y you've gone.'

s maid over at
Judy whar is
d wuk it. So I
m down de hill
de back yard.
e moon wuz jes'
dn' shine 'cep'
foun' my gal,
s 'bout herse'f,
to come to de
note, an' arfter
, an' I tole her
' I come home
He read it, an'
twenty minits
den. An' jes'
gwine to bed,

but instid he come, an' we all
Cun'l Chahmb'lin's. When we
gate, de hosses got sort o' skee
wuz some'n or somebody standi
Marse Chan he jumpt off de sorr
bridle and he walked up.

"She spoke fust ('twuz Miss
come out dyar to meet Marse C
jes' ez cold ez a chill, 'Well, se
favor. I wished to relieve myse'f
you placed me under a few mont
made me a present of my father, w
sulted an' then prevented from gi
"Marse Chan he didn' speak
den he said: 'Who is with you?
wud.)

"'No one,' sez she; 'I came alo
"'My God!' sez he, 'you
through those woods by yourse
o' night?'

"'Yes, I'm not afraid,' sez she
nigger! I don' b'lieve she wuz.)
"De moon come out, an' I cou
stan'in' dyar in her white dress, w
wrapped herse'f up in drapped
she didn' look like she wuz 'f
she wuz mons' us purty ez she st
green bushes behine her, an' sh
flowers in her breas'—right hyah
in her sorrel hyar; an' de moon c
down on her hyar an' her froc

ez she stood dyar
ad tho'd back, jes'
ıss Marse Chan in
n, an' sez to me,

er he hed come to
gwine 'way to de
tchin' on her, an'
ıer dat, she sort o'
ke she wuz mighty
in' stan' quite so
e Chan he went on
he tole her how he
wuz a little bit o'
'membered de time
arry her. He tole
hed made 'im stan'
hed kep' 'im good
'ine 'way, wouldn'
e times, an' ef he
in' she try to t'ink
en she wuz a little

ıe been talkin' so
s Anne's han', an'
ıke he wuz list'nin'

she said somethin',
lder han' an' sez :
''

ıed her head 'way

from 'im, an' wait' a minit, a
right clear:

"'But I don' love yo'.' (Jes'
De wuds fall right slow—like
spade on a coffin when yo's bur
seys, 'Uth to uth.' Marse Cha
hand drap, an' he stiddy hisse'f
pos', an' he didn' speak torekly
speak, all he sez wuz:

"'I mus' see you home safe.'

"I 'clar, marster, I didn' kn
Chan's voice tell I look at 'im ri
she wouldn' let 'im go wid her,
her cloak 'roun' her shoulders, an'
by herse'f, widout doin' more'n j
at Marse Chan leanin' dyah 'g'inst
he sodger clo'es, wid he eyes on
said 'Good-by' sort o' sorf, an
widout lookin' up, shake han's w
wuz done gone down de road. S
'mos', 'roun' de curve, Marse Chan
keepin' under de trees so ez not t
led de hosses on down de road b
kep' 'long behine her tell she wuz s
den he come an' got on he
home.

"Nex' mawnin' we all come off
dey wuz a-drillin' an' a-drill
while an' dey went 'long wid
army, an I went wid Marse C
boots, an' look arfter de tent, a

Marse Chan, he wan' a bit
e wuz so solum an' moanful
ep' when dyah wuz gwine to
peartin' up, an' he alwuz
company 'cause he wuz tall ;
attles whar all his company
e use' to volunteer whenever
ody to fine out anythin', an'
he didn' like to mek one
nudder, yo' know, an' ax'd
'peared to like to go prowlin'
ankees, an' he use' to tek me
ould. Yes, seh, he sut'n'y
He didn' mine bullets no
draps o' rain. But I use'
sometimes. It jes' use' to
In camp he use' to be so
open he mouf. You'd 'a'
he used to look so moanful ;
danger, an' he use' to be
an' laughin' like when he wuz

on got he leg shot off, dey
n on de spot, 'cause one o'
de same day, an' tor'er one
wan' no 'count, an' all de
an wuz de man.
he wuz jes' de same. He
Miss Anne's name, but I
in' on her constant. One
by de fire in camp, an' Mr.

Ronny—he wuz de secon' lieuten
in' 'bout ladies, an' he say all sor
'em, an' I see Marse Chan kinder
de lieutenant mention Miss Anne'
been courtin' Miss Anne 'bout de
fit de duil wid her pa, an' Miss
'im, dough he wuz mighty rich,
nuthin' but a half-strainer, an'
Marse Chan, I believe, dough sh
'im; an' Mr. Ronny he got drunk,
Chahmb'lin tole 'im not to come
got mighty mad. An' dat eveni
'bout, he wuz talkin', an' he ment
name. I see Marse Chan tu'n h
'im an' keep it on he face, an' pres
said he wuz gwine hev some fun
didn' mention her name dat tim
dey wuz all on 'em a parecel of stu
an' her pa wan' no gent'man anyw
I don' know what he wuz gwine
said it), fur ez he got dat far Ma
an' hit 'im a crack, an' he fall like
wid a fence-rail. He challenged
fight a duil, an' Marse Chan he e
challenge, an' dey wuz gwine fight; b
tole 'im Marse Chan wan' gwine
him to his fam'ly, an' he got some
de duil; 'twan' nuthin' dough, b
to fight Marse Chan. An' purt
comp'ny.

"Well, I got one o' de gent'm

ll 'bout de fight, an'
onny over fur speak-
l Chahmb'lin, an' I
ız a-dyin' fur love o'
.s Miss Anne to read
ınne she tells her pa,
ɜ all dis arfterwards,
mb'lin hear 'bout it,
n' he set still a good
f :
' a Whig.'
alks up to Miss Anne
; an' Miss Anne she
d an' wuz makin' out
g'inst de poach ; an'
her, her face got jes'
ush, an' pres'n'y her

' he sez :

put her head on he
ı' he sez :
ween yo' no longer.

'bout dis den. We
ll dat time ; an' come
ın, an' I see 'im start
ce hit look so cu'ious,
ouldn' mek out what
he fold' de letter up

an' wen' out an' wen' 'way
an' stayed dyah 'bout nigh a
wuz on de lookout for 'im whe
fo' Gord, ef he face didn' shi
say to myse'f, 'Um'm! ef de
done shine on 'im!' An' wh
"He tuk me wid 'im dat ev
he hed done git a letter from M
Chan he eyes look like gre't b
wuz jes' like 'twuz dat mawnin
over de low groun's, an' I se
wid de pistil in he han', lo
knowin' but what it mout be
done mek up he mine not t
Chahm b'lin fur Miss Anne's s
de letter.
"He fold' de letter wha' was
put it in he inside pocket—rig
side; an' den he tole me he th
gwine hev some warm wuk i
th'ee days, an arfter dat ef Gor
git a leave o' absence fur a few
home.
"Well, dat night de orders co
to git over to'ds Romney; an' w
'bout light; an' we halted righ
an', we stayed dyah till mos' brea
Marse Chan set down on de g
an' read dat letter over an' over
de battle wuz a-goin' on, but w
'hine de hill, an' ev'y now

de trees right over us, an' hat goes '*Awhar—awhar*— ight 'mong us; but Marse it no mo'n nuthin'! Den it n' thicker, an' Marse Chan up, an' he sez: to win in dis battle, an' it married; an' I'se goin' collar.' An' den he sez, me home, yo' hear?' An' blowed boots an' saddles de orders come to ride 'roun'; an's company wuz de secon'; dyah, we wuz right in it. n' ever dis nigger got in. An' an' my king! ef ever you d! dat day. Hit wuz jes' like wn de slope (I long wid de ht to'ds de cannons, an' de r (dey hed a whole rigiment n dyar onder de cun'l was kilt, an' s top; de cun'l was kilt, an' bout to bre'k all to pieces, p an' cotch hol' de fleg an' an' rid strainin' up de hill seen 'im when he went, de s ahead o' ev'y udder hoss, n a fox-hunt, an' de whole m. Yo' ain' nuvver hear knowed, de roan roll' head

over heels an' flung me up 'g
chuck a nubbin over 'g'inst d
An' dat's what kep' me from
Judy she say she think 'twu
think 'twuz de bank. Of co's
bank dyar, but how come Pro
Marse Chan! When I look'
layin' dyah by me, stone dea
gone 'mos' th'oo him, an' our
dem on t'udder side from de to
mo'n a minit, de sorrel com
his mane flyin', an' de rein h
side to his knee. 'Dyar!' s
'specks dey done kill Marse C
to tek care on him.'

"I jumped up an' run ove
wid a whole lot o' dead men,
yit, onder one o' de guns wi
han', an' a bullet right th'oo
Chan. I tu'n' 'im over an' call
but 'twan' no use, he wuz do
'nuff. I pick' 'im up in my a
in he han's, an' toted 'im bac
day when he wuz a baby, an'
to me in my arms, an' sez he
tell me to tek keer on 'im
kyar'd 'im 'way off de battle
balls, an' I laid 'im down
could git somebody to ketch
wuz cotched arfter awhile, a
so I got some pine plank an' r

body up in de fleg, an'
I didn' nail de top on
e missis wan' see 'im ;
' set out for home dat
de nex' evenin', arfter
all nex' day.
hin' hed tole ole missis
n we got home she wuz
up in her best Sunday-
ead o' de big steps, an'
big cheer—ez we druv
[drivin' de ambulance
behine wid de stirrups

gate to meet us. We
ance an' kyar'd it right
pictures in it, whar dey
hen Marse Chan wuz a
e Chahmb'lin use' to
nissis into her chamber
dyar we laid de coffin
le missis nuvver said a
an' white.
'bout it, I tu'ned right
Chahmb'lin's, 'cause I
e Chan he'd 'a' wanted
ody whar I wuz gwine,
m hadn' nuvver speak
e duil, an' dey didn'

l, dyar wuz Miss Anne

a-stan'in' on de poach watchin
tied my hoss to de fence, an'
She knowed by de way I walk
thin' de motter, an' she wuz m
my cap down on de een' o' de
She nuvver opened her mouf ;
an' keep her eyes on my fac
speak ; den I cotch my voice,
Chan, he done got he furlough.

"Her face was mighty ash
shook, but she didn' fall. Sh
said, 'Git me de ker'ige !' Da

"When de ker'ige come 'rou
her bonnet, an' wuz ready. Ez
to me, 'Hev yo' brought hi
drove 'long, I ridin' behine.

"When we got home, she g
up de big walk—up to de poach
missis hed done fin' de letter
pocket, wid de love in it, while I
wuz a-waitin' on de poach. De
fust time ole missis cry when she
dat she sut'n'y did cry over it, pi

"Well, seh, Miss Anne she w
steps, mos' up to ole missis st
poach, an' jes' falls right down
knees fust, an' den flat on her fa
ketchin' at ole missis' dress wid

"Ole missis stood for 'bo
down at her, an' den she drapt
her, an' took her in bofe her a

I wuz cryin' so myse'f, an' ev'y-
But dey went in arfter a while
net de do'; an' I hyard 'em say,
t de coffin in her arms an' kissed
arse Chan, an' call 'im by his
lin', an' ole missis lef' her cryin'
on 'em went in, an' found her
lo'.

y wife) she tell me she heah Miss
axed ole missis mout she wear
I don' know how dat is; but
'im nex' day, she wuz de one
er de coffin, holdin' ole marster,
walked next to 'em."

ied Marse Chan dyar in de ole
e fleg wrapped roun' 'im, an' he
it did dat mawnin' down in de
l de new sun shinin' on it so

e nuvver went home arfter dat;
marster an' ole missis ez long ez
warn' so mighty long, 'cause ole
dat fall, when dey wuz fallerin'
jes' married Judy den—an' ole
ong behine him. We buried her
mer. Miss Anne she went in de
arfter ole missis died; an' jes'
ll she come home sick wid de
er would 'a' knowed her fur de
nne. She wuz light ez a piece o'
te, 'cep' her eyes an' her sorrel

hyar, an' she ke
Judy she sut'n'y
nuvver got no be
Chan's bein' kilt
jes' 'fo' de folks v
"So we buried
in a place whar o
dey's bofe on 'en
grabeyard at hon
"An' will yo'
tells me dat de
nor givin' in mar
it signifies dat—
I gave him th
some other inte
spare "eighteen
which he seemed
away I heard h
wife, who was
whitewashed cat
ing for some tim
"Judy, have

HRISTMAS VISITOR.

ARLES S. GAGE.

first flight of stairs, and on
the landing, were the re-
ixby and Mr. Bangs. The
ed stood in a quiet and re-
r and western side of New
was once inhabited by
terward by old-fashioned
me of our story by the
es for single men.
l Mr. Alfred Bangs were
the wine-merchant, be-
nd song so well that he
k of women, because he
red in the face, and, if
ry, because his fingers
For twenty years, day
en absorbed in business.

December 30, 1871.

For twenty years, night afte
his custom to entertain his frie
in not a very quiet way. He
bulbous, and jolly, that he h
marriage. Yet he might ea
taken by the casual observer
He wore a white vest when
his linen was painfully plain
sign of jewelry about him.
which he tied with a ribbon.

Not quite so old in years as
was Mr. Bixby, known to his f
philosopher and poet, to the
critic of one of the great dail
have been thirty-five years o
lived more for others than f
made a study and not a ple
eyes and the other features
to whoever met him a long
something about him that ca
not what he was, but what h

For ten years Mr. Bangs ar
inmates of the house togetl
been there longer. The pre
ceived as a legacy from her
not care to take him away,
said, she made a present of I

Long as they had known
lodgers were only acquainta
a Sunday afternoon, they w
pany, stroll down to the Ba

d watch the ships, but beyond this
ility, which neither enjoyed, there
ore. Never had Bixby read Bangs
ad made, nor did ever Bangs invite
h is convivial friends of an evening
or to partake of his mulled ale. In
y had been often and with great en-
an unsocial fellow by the cronies
but he rose somewhat in their esti-
hey were informed that he had con-
ange rooms with their host.
uch a grouty fellow, after all," said
ld him that we were too near the
t some one had been complaining to
f our singing. He didn't even stop
greed to do it at once. He thought
d be better here. Now, fellows, I
the fair thing."
ch of Mr. Bangs was applauded.
orning of the day before Christmas
e was effected. In the closet where
bottles, the decanters, glasses, and
the late occupant, Mr. Bixby had
es, and filled them with his books.
el, from which Mr. Bangs had taken
1 print of a bull-dog in an overcoat,
g a fine engraving of the Madonna,
intel itself he had placed his clock.
l French clock under a crystal, so
-swinging pendulum could be easily
helors, however negligent of their

surroundings, have some one hobby
of furniture. It may be an easy-ch
case, or a chandelier—there is one t
be the best of its kind. There cou
from the care with which Mr. B
clock in its position, and from tir
pared it with his watch, that this
It had the three requisites which h
clock. It kept correct time wit
pendulum swung rapidly, and w
Time past was the happiness of
this clock told him continually t
done that could be done to ind
every day to go over to the
pended upon this clock. He
mechanism than of that of his o
What with hanging his pictu
his furniture, and with many
which had to be done, Mr. Bi
ployed all day. But the task w
one. His heart was in the v
hardly an object in the room r
with some event in his past l
brushing the dust from an old
had evidently once belonged
it upon the rug in front o
Christmas-eves was this desk
"It is curious," thought
should have moved this da
year!"
Often in his work he thou

d packet of letters, and reading
But it was not yet time, and,
continually interrupted. First,
ne to his door with "Two dozen
r Mr. Bangs;" then one with
ots," and another to tell Mr.
pup was big enough to take
came Bangs himself, to complain
ons, and to bid him good-by.
manuscript a boy left for you.
attend both doors now. I am off
mas. We are going to have a Tom-
in Jersey. You know—

Jerry days have come, the happiest in the

g, eh? That isn't all:

sh to live till the juleps come again!'"

gs laughed uproariously, even after
Good-by," and shut the door behind

rsonification of Bacchus!" thought

'Ever laughing, ever young.'

ung as long as he lives, but I am
n't be long. If ever there was a
iate danger of apoplexy, Bangs is

dinner when Mr. Bixby lighted his
sat down before the fire. He

pushed an ottoman in front of him,
rest his feet, which he had comfortably
his slippers. But the shadows in his
did not please him. He could hardly see
on the mantel. The Madonna above
pletely in the shade. So he lighted the c
above and sat down again, hoping that n
either of his own or of Mr. Bangs, would i
him. The desk was open at his feet. The
of letters lay near him on the table. He
his hand upon them, but let it rest ther
hour had not quite arrived when he wou
them. He fell again into the reveries of t
He lingered over the thoughts of his better
he opened the packet which told of its end
the last ten years he had labored without am
and had been successful. His name w
known as a journalist, and his salary was
Before that time he had striven ambitiou
fruitlessly, patiently, but as in a quicksan
on a day, he had none to strive for but
and then success had come. Since noo
hours and twenty-nine minutes, said t
before him. His anniversary was n
Bixby drew the letters near him, and u
package. Just then there came a knc
door, and, before he had determined w
not he should say, "Come in," the do
and an elderly gentleman stepped into
ment. Quietly he came in. There wa
attending his entrance except the k

, saw a man of more than
ith countenance rigid and puri-
ion, as though the mind which
s one influenced more by justice
is eyes were concealed by a pair of
les, but these, as they caught and
ight, were brighter and more start-
y eyes could have been. He was
long surtout, which he wore closely
gh dickey, and high black-silk stock,
ed his throat to his chin. His iron-
as brushed somewhat pompously back-
his forehead, and his whole effect was
entleman of the generation which wore
d hats and carried enormous canes with
t what attracted Mr. Bixby's particular
ere the wrinkles of his face. These
places where wrinkles should not be.
aight through the centre of his fore-
uing the line of the nose upward to
wo others, starting from the bridge of
diagonally down to the nostrils. He
ven, and his lips were straight and
peculiarities of his visitor Mr. Bixby
me to mark when the gentleman

angs, I am glad to find you in !''
ever in his life more desired to be
ther e was something in this old man
cted him that he could not correct
He felt a sudden fascination and

desire to know more of him.
and could not be seen. The ge
be very well acquainted with Ba
never had seen him, or he wo
such an error. But nothing
which seemed to proceed fro
have induced Mr. Bixby to ans
"Thank you, sir. Pray, tak
As he said this, he arose an
chair to the other side of the ta
The elderly gentleman sat d
"You have a very cheerful
Bangs."
"Yes. I always like to be c
"Of course," said the elde
"Will you remove your o
Mr. Bixby, and immediately r
"Oh, no, I shall stop but a
There was an interval of
coal broke open in the grate
jet of gas burst forth and bu
and went out. Mr. Bixby wo
ness he had come, and why
subject at once, if he was onl
moment.
"It is very disagreeable w
man with the pompous fore
reflections.
"Snowing?" asked Bixb
"No—sleet."
"Very unpleasant to

inder the shade. The wrinkle in the line of the rontal suture was more deeply indented. The ight on the spectacles was brighter than ever.

"Mr. Bangs, I called on your opposite neighbor, Mr. Bixby, to-night. I knocked on the door, but ie was away."

"Yes," said Mr. Bixby, somewhat confused. He wished that Bangs had stayed at home, and determined to end the interview as soon as possible.

"Yes. I am sorry. I had a positive appointment with him. I am a great friend of his."

"Does he know you?"

"Oh, no; we have never met personally that he remembers. I am an old friend of the family. He suffers from the heart-disease, and has been expecting me."

"Oh, you are a physician?"

"Yes, sir. I attended his father at his last illness."

Mr. Bixby's heart began to beat rapidly. His mind became equally active, and, although he had no experience to be guided by, he began to suspect the nature of this man's business with Bangs. He almost determined to discover himself, but the letters were yet unread. If that were only done, he would do anything his visitor might request. Recalling the old gentleman's last words, he said, at last, calmly:

"And his mother?"

"Yes, and his mother."

ps parted, but not for speech
quick, strong pain in his
on the white dial the black
) the seven hours and the
he pendulum moveless, still,
d journey of the arc.
ıan arose, walked round the
mself, as he saw a smile of
n the face of the dead, when
f had been pictured on the

ceive him, but he will thank
the gray locks and wrinkled
are the letters which he does

more appointments to keep?
of the letters and opened it.
· fell unnoticed to the floor.
and, after a while, aloud:
me and see me on Christmas.
I long for you more than
be tired with your struggle
need rest. O Harry! come
oves you, as you well know.
"MARGARET."
commenced ringing.
he needed rest," said Death.

ELI.

BY C. H. WHITE.

I.

UNDER a boat, high and dry, at the beach, John Wood was se sand, sheltered from the sun in the b absorbed in the laying on of verdig worn color was rapidly giving place shining green. Occasionally a scr by, was taken up to remove the la nacle.

It was Wood's boat, but he was he painted cleverly, but he was kept the brown store under the street, now hot and still, where blushing sister was captivating awkward farmer's boy, as she striped suspenders.

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church-clock struck the last of twelve blows, three children came rushing out of se on the bank above the beach. It was those deceptive New England cottages, r-worn without, but bright and bountifully ike within—with its trim parlor, proud of a t organ; with its front hall, now cooled by ght sea-breeze drifting through the blind- where a tall clock issued its monotonous call siesta on the rattan lounge; with its spare , open now, opposite the parlor, and now, drawing in the salt air through close-shut ds, in anticipation of the joyful arrival this ning of Sister Sarah, with her little brood, from city.

The children scampered across the road, and then eldest hushed the others and sent a little ther ahead to steal, barefoot, along the shining weed to his father.

he plotted surprise appeared to succeed com- ely. The painter was seized by the ears from nd, and captured.

Guess who's here, or you can't get up," said infant captor.

It's Napoleon Bonaparte; don't joggle," said father, running a brush steadily along the er-line.

No! no! no!" with shouts of laughter from whole attacking party.

Then it's Captain Ezekiel?"

his excited great merriment: Captain Ezekiel

was an aged, purblind
cane.

After attempts to iden
the tax-collector come fo
elderly minister making a
formal schoolmaster, and
—the victim reached over l
the assailant by a handful
him around, squirming, b

"Now," he said, "I'll
digris."

(Great applause from th

"I suppose Mother s
ready," said the father,
green bottom of the boat
as to do the other side bef

And with a child on eac
pushing him from behi
marched toward the vine
between two opposite ne
trimly set.

"Father, you look lik
green hands," said his
handed him the spirits of
could paint that boat, in
a spot on her."

He smiled good-natu
much.

"I guess Louise won't
said his wife, as they a
in the sun that everybo

ting-work to do, and she's got a
she wanted to finish."
nodded, and ate away.
we go up street and see her, this
id one of the children.
that be?" said the mother, as an
ficial-looking man stopped his horse
te and alighted. The man left the
ed to browse by the road-side, and
oor.
ou, Captain Nourse," said Wood,
the netting door, and holding out
Come to summons me as a witness in
out the bank case, I suppose. Let
Captain Nourse, Mary," he said,
riff. Sit down, Captain, and have
with us."
uess I won't set," said the captain.
not to eat till I got home, in the mid-
ternoon. No, I'll set down in eye-shot
and read the paper while you eat.
hey don't want me to testify anywhere
id Wood; "because my boat's half
and I want to finish her this after-

stimony to-day," said the captain.
Kitty!" he called to the mare, as she
eander across the road; and he went
e by the front fence, and sat down on a
h, beside a work-basket and a half-fin-
d's dress, and read the country paper
ad taken from the office as he came along.

After dinner Wood went ou
leaned on the fence by the
stood just inside the door, looki
The "bank case" was the gr
town, and Wood was one of
for he had been taking the
cashier when the safe was brok
to the widespread distress of d
holders and the ruin of Hon
president. Wood had locked
noon before the eventful nig
home the key with him, and
the contents of the safe as he
"I guess they're glad they'
as John," said his wife to her
him fondly, "and I guess th
be much doubt about what h
"Well, Captain," said Wo
a spear of grass to bits in
know but you'd come to arr
The captain calmly smil
smile who has been accostec
ous remark a dozen times a
He folded his paper careful
took off his spectacles and
case, took a red silk hanc
wiped his face, and put
Then he said, shortly:
"That's what I *have* con
Wood, still leaning on t
and said nothing.
"That's just what I've

ot to arrest you ; here's the war-
and ed it to him.
is mean ?" said Wood. "I can't
ail of this."
the captain, "the long and short
oned detectives that they've had
n, seein' as our own force wasn't
allow that the safe was unlocked
due form, and then the lock was
d, to look as if it had been forced
e had the foreman of the safe-men
d he says the same thing. Naturally,
is : there were only two keys in
e was safe with the president of the
about all he's got to show out of forty
s ; the only other one you had : con-
leaves it on to you."
id Wood. "I will go with you. Do
come into the house with me while I
?"
suppose I must keep you in sight—
ow."
went into the house.
said her husband, "the folks that lost
hen the bank broke have been at him
lt obliged to pitch on somebody, and
l on me ; and Captain Nourse has come
e. I shall get bail before long."
nothing, and did not shed a tear till he

WIDE wastes of salt m
ing the upland with
liberty, and, between lo
of sea. Stretches of p
in from the great outer
into evening gloom. Pl
pastures to the left, an
by white farm-houses
of cheer and freedom
happy, but to the unfo
meshes invisible but st
no lonesome marshes,
or village street, but
and tumbling still fro
gale.

In the open door-wa
by the soft slanting r
rough man, burnt and
feet a net, engaged u
two little girls were
a setter, his nose betw
the man raised his ey
"There's Joel," he
Bar. Not much air
Then he turned to
"First, you go so
as he drew a thread

And as he worked he made a great show of labor, much to their diversion.

But the sight of Joel's broad white sail had not brought pleasant thoughts to his mind. For Joel had hailed him, off the Shoal, the afternoon before, and had obligingly offered to buy his fish, right there, and so let him go directly home, omitting to mention that sudden jump of price due to an empty market.

"Wonder what poor man he's took a dollar out of to-day! Well, I s'pose it's all right: those that's got money, want money."

"What be you, Eli—ganging on hooks?" said Aunt Patience, as she tip-toed into the kitchen behind him, from his wife's sick-room, and softly closed the door after her.

"No," said the elder of the children; "he's mending our stockings, and showing me how."

"Well, you do have a hard time, don't you?" said Aunt Patience, looking down over his shoulder; "to slave and tug and scrape to get a house over your head, and then to have to turn square 'round, and stay to home with a sick woman, and eat all into it with mortgages!"

"Oh, well," he said, "we'll fetch, somehow."

Aunt Patience went to the glass, and holding a black pin in her mouth, carefully tied the strings of her sun-bonnet.

"Anyway," she says, "you take it good-natured. Though if there is one thing that's harder than another, it is to be good-natured all

the time, without being aggravati
known men that was so awfully good-
they was harder to live with than
cross!"

And without specifying further, she
plaid parasol, and stepped out at the

THOUGH, on this quiet afternoon
the peace of the approaching Sab
already brooding over the little dw
had not lent her hand to the building
Every foot of land, every shingle, ev
been wrung from the reluctant sea.
had contributed something. It wa
when Eli was able to buy the land.
two voyages, he dug a cellar and
tion; then he saved enough to build
of the cottage and to finish the front
his own hand to the work. Then
letters at every port, telling of
Lizzie, his wife, had adorned the f
a bright nine-penny paper, of whic
was inclosed, which he kept as a
about him and exhibited to his fr
and her little brother had lathed th
kitchen, and how they had set out
from the woods. Then another
surprise awaiting him on his return
time, coming home as third mate
to a seaman's tumultuous welcom
that a great, good-natured mason

e had watched, night after night, had
: day with lime and hair and sand, and
nent, and had plastered the entry and
and finished a room upstairs.
for years, at home and on the sea, at
and at Valparaiso, and in the Straits of
ıe little house and the little family
ıd grown into the fibre of Eli's heart.
d given him more delight than to meet,
ıge streets of Calcutta or before the
Omar, some practical Yankee from
or Machias, and, whittling, to discuss
among the turbans of the Orient, the
: value of shaved and of sawed shingles,
ɔmy of "Swedes-iron" nails, and to go
ıim the estimates and plans which he
out in his head under all the constel-
ıe skies.

er things were cleared away. The chil-
id good-night and gone to bed, and Eli
tting for an hour by his wife's bedside.
to tax his patience and ingenuity heavily
long months that she had lain there to
:r for a little while in the evening, after
ret day's work. He had been talking
coming week, when he was to serve
ry in the adjoining county-town.
:e I can come home about every night,"
nd it'll be quite a change, at any rate."
ı don't seem so cheerful about it as I

counted you would be," said his wife. "
afraid you'll have to be on the bank-case
"Not much!" he answered. "No t
that case! Jury won't leave their seat
city fellers'll find they've bit off more'
chew when they try to figure out John
that. I only hope I'll have the luck t
case—all hands on the jury whispe
minute, and then clear him, right on
then shake hands with him all 'round
"But something is worrying y
"What is it? You have looked it s
"Oh, nothin'," he replied —
Cahoon came up to-noon to say th
West next week, and that he wou
that money he let me have a while
to get it—I don't know."

III.

The court-room was packed. Eli
was drawing to its close.
Some one had advised the prose
a whisper, to challenge him, bu
head and said:
"Oh, I couldn't afford to cha
it would only leak out, and
me. I'll risk his standing o
dence."
The trial had been short. It

little building of the bank had been entered. lled locksmiths from the city had testified that safe was opened with a key, and that the lock s broken afterward, from the inside—plainly to se the theory of a forcible entry by strangers. It had been proved that the only key in exist-ce, not counting that kept by the president, was the possession of Wood, who was filling, for a w days, the place of the cashier—the president's rother—in his absence. It had been shown that Vood was met, at one o'clock of the night in uestion, crossing the fields toward his home, from he direction of the bank, with a large wicker basket slung over his shoulders, returning, as he had said, from eel-spearing in Harlow's Creek; and there was other circumstantial evidence.

Mr. Clark, the president of the bank, had won the sympathy of every one by the modest way in which, with eye-glasses in hand, he had testified to the particulars of the loss which had left him penniless, and had ruined others whose little all was in his hands. And then, in reply to the formal question, he had testified, amid roars of laughter from the court-room, that it was not he who robbed the safe. At this, even the judge and Wood's lawyer had not restrained a smile.

This had left the guilt with Wood. His lawyer, an inexperienced young attorney—who had done more or less business for the bank, and would hardly have ventured to defend this case but that the president had kindly expressed his entire will-

ingness that he should d
thought it worth while to
and had directed his whc
theory that the safe had
and not by strangers. B
that, as a man politely r
finished, he was only bu
stone wall.'.

And while he was arg
lawyer had written, in th
his knee, and passed wit
near him who had th
admitted to the bar, thes

"When callow Blac
Quit common-sen
Soon, Icarus-like,
And down come c

The district-attorney
while to expend much
argument; but being a
wide reputation within
been able to refrain
Wood's statement that
been seen bearing home
a basket of eels.

"Fine eels those, g
gold-fish and silver-fish
discovered by this de
Holy Writ, caught a fi
but this man leaves the

when he finds eels that are all money. No storied sherman of Bagdad, catching enchanted princes isguised as fishes in the sea, ever hooked such a reasure as this defendant hooked when he hooked hat basket of eels! [Rustling appreciation of the oun among the jury.]. If a squirming, twisting, winding, wriggling eel, gentleman, can be said at any given moment to have a back, we may distinguish this new-found species as the green-back eel. It is a common saying that no man can hold an eel and remain a Christian. I should like to have viewed the pious equanimity of this church-member when he laid his hands on that whole bed of eels. In happy, barefoot boyhood, gentlemen, we used to find mud-turtles marked with initials or devices cut in their shells; but what must have been our friend's surprise to find, in the muddy bed of Harlow's Creek, eels marked with a steel-engraving of the landing of Columbus, and the signature of the Register of the Treasury! I hear that a corporation is now being formed by the title of The Harlow's Creek Greenback National Bank-bill Eel-fishing Company, to follow up, with seines and spears, our worthy friend's discovery! I learn that the news of this rich placer has spread to the golden mountains of the West, and that the exhausted intellects which have been reduced to such names for their mines as 'The Tombstone,' 'The Red Dog,' the 'Mrs. E. J. Parkhurst,' are likely now to flood us with prospectuses of the 'Eel Mine,' 'The Flat Eel,' 'The Double Eel,' and then,

Captain Nourse, who had them in his keeping, eyed them as if he was afraid that he might lose of them in a crack and be held accountable on bond, rattled away at the unruly lock. Looking at them then, you would have seen faces all of New England cast but one. There was a tall, powerful negro called George Washington, a man well known in this county town, to which he had come, as driftwood from the storm of war, in '65. Some of the "boys" had heard him, in a great prayer-meeting in Washington—a city which he always spoke of as his "namesake"—at the time of the great review, say, in his strong voice, with that pathetic quaver in it: "Like as de parched an' weary traveller hangs his harp upon de winder, an' sighs for oysters in de desert, so I longs to res' my soul an' my foot in Mass'chusetts;" and they were so delighted with him that they invited him on the spot to go home with them, and took up a collection to pay his fare, and so he was a public character. As for his occupation—when the census-taker, with a wink to the boys in the store, had asked him what it was, he had said, in that same odd tone: "Putties up glass a little—white-washes a little—," and, when the man had made a show of writing all that down, "preaches a little." He might have said "preaches a big," for you could hear him half a mile away.

The foreman was a retired sea-captain. "Good cap'n—Cap'n Thomas," one of his neighbors had said of him. "Allers gits good ships—never hez

Very well," said the foreman, a trifle sharply. The longest way round is the shortest way ne.'"

welve slips of paper were handed out, to be in-sed guilty, "for form." They were collected hat and the foreman told them over—"just form." "'Guilty,' 'guilty,' 'guilty,' 'guilty'; wait a minute," he said, "here is a mistake. ere is one 'not guilty'—whose is this?"

There was a pause.

"Whose is it?" said the foreman, sharply.

Eli turned a little red.

"It's mine," he said.

"Do you mean it?" said the foreman.

"Of course I mean it," he answered.

"Whew!" whistled the foreman. "Very well, sir; we'll have an understanding, then. This case is proved to the satisfaction of every man who heard it, I may safely say, but one. Will that one please state the grounds of his opinion?"

"I ain't no talker," said Eli, "but I ain't satisfied he's guilty—that's all."

"Don't you believe the witnesses?"

"Mostly."

"Which one don't you believe?"

"I can't say. I don't believe he's guilty."

"Is there one that you think lied?"

No answer.

"Now it seems to me——" said a third juryman.

"One thing at a time, gentlemen," said the foreman. "Let us wait for an answer from Mr.

Smith. Is there any one that you t
will wait, gentlemen, for an answer
There was a long pause. The
Eli Smith to have shifted from th
shabby room, and he was now the c
All waited for him ; all eyes were
The clock ticked loud ! Eli counte
He knew the determination of the
The silence became intense.
"I want to say my say," said a
pea-jacket—a retired San Francisco
Eldridge. "I entertain no doubt
guilty. At the same time, I allow
of opinion. I don't know this mar
'not guilty,' but he seems to be a
man. I don't know his reasons ;
don't understand the case. I shoulc
the foreman tell the evidence over
don't see it clear, he can ask question
explain."
"I second de motion," said George
There was a general rustle of appro
"I move it," said the pilot, encour
"Very well, Mr. Eldridge," said
"If there is no objection, I will state t
and if there is any loop-hole, I will
Smith to suggest it as I go along,"
ceeded to give a summary of the test
homely force.
"Now, sir ?" he said, when he ha
"I move for another ballot," sa

he result was the same. Eli had voted "not lty." said the foreman, "this must be Mr. Smith," tled in some way. This is no child's play. You n't keep eleven men here, trifling with them, ving no pretence of a reason."

"I haven't any reasons, only that I don't believe e's guilty," said Eli. "I'm not goin' to vote a nan into states-prison, when I don't believe he done it," and he rose and walked to the window, and looked out. It was low tide. There was a broad stretch of mud in the distance, covered with boats lying over disconsolate. A driving storm had emptied the streets. He beat upon the rain-dashed glass a moment with his fingers, and then he sat down again.

"Well, sir," said the foreman, "this is singular conduct. What do you propose to do?"

Silence.

"I suppose you realize that the rest of us are pretty rapidly forming a conclusion on this matter," said the foreman.

"Come! come!" said Mr. Eldridge; "don't be quite so hard on him, Captain. Now, Mr. Smith," he said, standing up with his hands in his coat-pockets, and looking at Eli, "we know that there often is crooked sticks on juries, that hold out alone—that's to be expected; but they always argue, and stand to it the rest are fools, and all that. Now, all is, we don't see why you don't sort of argue, if you've got reasons satisfactory to

you. Come, now," he a
and resting one foot on th
don't you tell it over?
ready to join you."

Eli looked up at him.

"Didn't you ever know
takin' a cat off, to lose, that
drownded, and leavin' him
miles, bee-line, from hom
back again the next day, p
had happened?"

"Yes," said Mr. Eldrid
a case."

"Very well," said Eli
way home?"

"Don't know," said I
has been a standing myste

"Well," said Eli, "m
such a thing as arguin', ar
knowin' outright; and w
that cat inquires his way
know John Wood ain't gu

This made a certain se
went up.

An old, withered man r

"That's so!" he sai
sing'lar things! How is
that's dyin' to home, wi
tide? It never fails, but h
me that! And there's
knowin' things, too!"

'I know that man ain't guilty,'' said Eli.
Hark ye !'' said a dark old man with a troubled
e, rising and pointing his finger toward Eli.
Know, you say? I *knew*, wunst. I *knew* that
girl, my only child, was good. One night she
nt off with a married man that worked in my
ore,, and stole my money—and where is she
ow?'' And then he added, "What I *know* is,
hat every man hes his price. I hev mine, and
you hev yourn !''

The impugnment of Eli's motives was evident to all.

"'Xcuse me, Mr. Speaker," said George Washington, rising with his hand in his bosom; "as de question is befo' us, I wish to say that de las' bro' mus' have spoken under 'xcitement. Every man *don'* have his price! An' I hope de bro' will recant—like as de Psalmist goes out o' his way to say '*In my haste* I said, All men are liars.' He was a very busy man, de Psalmist—writin' down hymns all day, sharpen'n' his lead-pencil, bossin' 'roun' de choir—callin' Selah! Well, bro'n an' sisters''—both arms going out, and his voice going up—"one day, seems like, he was in gre't haste—got to finish a psalm for a monthly concert, or such—and some man incorrupted him, and lied; and bein' in gre't haste—and a little old Adam in him—he says, right off, quick: '*All* men are liars!' But see—when he gets a little time to set back and meditate, he says: 'Dis won' do—dere's Moses, an' Job, an' Paul—dey ain't liars!' An'

den he don' sneak out, and "
is lions,' or such. No! de l
man; but he owns up, an' "
he says, 'I said it.'"

The foreman rose and rap
"I await a motion," said
allow me the privilege of sp
Mr. Washington calmly b
Then the foreman, whe
posed to move, speaking slo
meal, alternating language
edged into the current of t
by going all over it agai
point. His cigar glowe
darkening room as he talk

"Now," he said, wher
threads together to the p
we going to do upon this

"I'll tell you somethin
want to say it because
think, but I'll tell you, al

"Ah!" said the forem

Eli stood up and faced

"'Most all o' you kn
south-east gale. They a
dare to try and cross it
it. The man that says
looked at the foreman,

"When my wife too
to sea, two year ago,
didn't know half as

oung boys do, and one afternoon it was blowin' a
gale, and we was all hands comin' in, and passin'
along the Bar to go sheer 'round it to the west'ard,
and Captain Fred Cook—he's short-sighted—got
on to the Bar before he knew it, and then he had
to go ahead, whether or no; and I was right after
him, and I s'posed he knew, and I followed him.
Well, he was floated over, as luck was, all right;
but when I'd just got on the Bar, a roller dropped
back and let my bowsprit down into the sand, and
then come up quicker'n lightnin' and shouldered
the boat over, t'other end first, and slung me into
the water; and when I come up, I see somethin'
black, and there was John Wood's boat runnin' by
me before the wind with a rush—and 'fore I knew
n' thing he had me by the hair by one hand and in
is boat, and we was over the Bar. Now, I tell
u, a man that looks the way I saw him look
en I come over the gunwale, face up, don't go
und breakin' in and hookin' things. He hadn't
chance in five, and he was a married man, too,
h small children. And what's more," he
ed, incautiously, "he didn't stop there. When
ound out, this last spring, that I was goin' to
my place, he lent me money enough to pay
nterest that was overdue on the mortgage, of
wn acord."
d he stopped suddenly.
ou have certainly explained yourself," said
reman. "I think we understand you dis-

uryman who was left to fall in with Eli
e with the file ahead, and left Eli to walk
This was noticed by the by standers. At
l, Eli could not eat a mouthful. He was
t one end of the table, and was left entirely
the conversation. When the jury were
d back to the court-house, rumors had
ly begun to arise from his having walked
for there was quite a little crowd at the
door, to see them. They went as before:
pairs, a file of three, and Eli alone. Then the
ators understood it.

HEN the jury were locked into their room again
the night, Mr. Eldridge sat down by Eli, and
his pipe.

'I understand," he said, "just how you feel.
w, between you and me, there was a good-
arted fellow that kept me out of a bad mess once.
ve never told anybody just what it was, and I
n't mean to tell you now, but it brought my
ood up standing, to find how near I'd come to
tting a fine steamer and two hundred and forty
ssengers under water. Well, one day, a year or
after that, this man had a chance to get a good
o, only there was some talk against him, that
drank a little. Well, the owners told him they
ted to see me, and he come to me, and says he,
. Eldridge, I hope you'll speak a good word
me; if you do, I'll get the ship, but if they
e me this one, I'm dished everywhere.' Well,

the owners put me the square qu
to tell 'em. Well, I met him t
Sacramento Street, as white as
wouldn't speak to me, but passed
night he went and shipped before
the last I ever heard of him. Bu
"Now," he added, "this ma
you; but the case is proved, a
vote with the rest of us."

"It ain't proved," said Eli.
that if any man had a reasonab
to hold out. Now, I ain't conv
"Well, that's easy said," re
a little hotly, and he arose, and

The jurymen broke up into
their chairs back, and settled i
tions that their cramped quar
of them lit their pipes; the
two whom he honored, smol
and the room was soon filled
Eli sat alone by the windo

"Sometimes sell two at on
book-agent, arousing hims
"once sold three."

"I think the Early Rose is
any," said a little farmer,
beard. "I used to favor
they haven't done so well w
"Sometimes," said the b
teeth with a quill, "you'l
they'll say they can't be in

, historical, fic titid d , or rel us ; but
keep on talking, an show th
n Boyhood,' 'Grant a Tanner,' ictures—
uarters,' 'Grant in the White House,' 'Grant at
before Queen Victoria,' and they warm up,
you, and not infrequently buy.''
o you sell de 'illustrated Bible,' ''
ington, '' wid de Hypocrypha?'' asked
o; I have a more popular treatise—the
trated History of the Bible.' Greater
. Brings in the surrounding nations, in
e. Cloth, three dollars; sheep, three-fifty;
lf, five-seventy-five, full morocco, gilt edges,
fifty. Six hundred and seven illustrations
d and steel. Three different engravings of
m alone. Four of Noah—'Noah before the
' 'Noah Building the Ark,' 'Noah Wel-
the Dove,' 'Noah on Ararat.' Steel en-
of Ezekiel's Wheel, explaining prophecy.
nder the gourd, Nineveh in the distance.''
Eldridge and Captain Thomas had drifted
discussion of harbors, and the captain had
his chair up to the table, and, with a cigar
nouth, was explaining an ingeniously con-
l foreign harbor. He was making a rough
with a pen.
e is north,'' he said; ''here is the coast-
ere are the flats; here are the sluice-gates;
re the water here, in——''
of the younger men had their heads to-
in a corner, about the tin-peddler, who was

telling stories of people he had
which brought out repeated bu
In the corner farthest from El
man began to tell the butcher a
"Twelve years ago this fall,"
district-school in the parish wh
was about fourteen then. Her
farmer, without any faculty.
dead, and she kept house. I staye
boarding 'round."
"Prob'ly didn't git not much
that week," suggested the butche
"She never said much, but it u
to see her order around her big l
if she was their mother. She and
friends; but she was a queer pie
school, the girls in her row were
and annoying me, while the third cl
in 'First Steps in Numbers,' and I
that I called Lizzie—that's her na
and had her stand up for twenty
was a shy little thing, and set great
fect marks. I saw that she was tro
deal, to have all of them looking an
her. But she stood there, with her
behind her, and not a smile or a word
"Look out for a sullen cow," said t
"I felt afraid I had been too hasty w
as rather sorry I had been so decided
be sure, she didn't pretend to deny t
communicating."

se," said the butcher: "no use lyin'
caught in the act."
ter school, she stayed at her desk, fixing
ail, and putting her books in a strap,
t, till all the rest had gone, and then
p to my desk, where I was correcting
s."
r music!" said the butcher.
d been crying a little. Well, she looked
my face, and said she, 'Mr. Pollard, I
d to say to you that I wasn't doing any-
l when you called me up;' and off she
w, that was just like her—too proud to
l before the school."
e his listener's attention was diverted
ce of the book-agent:
ery best Bible for teachers, of course, is
-cover, protected edges, full Levant
Oxford, silk-sewed, kid-lined, Bishop's
Circuit, with concordance, maps of the
nd, weights, measures, and money-tables
ws. Nothing like having a really——"
so," said the captain, moving back his
they let on the whole head of water, and
t the channel to a T."
hen he rapped upon the table.
tlemen," he said, "please draw your
p, and let us take another ballot."
count resulted as before. The foreman
d something which had a scriptural sound.
ew moments, he drew Mr. Eldridge and two

others aside.
shall quietly
your charge :
keep Mr. Smi
propose to hav
And, by on
awake.

"I don't se
should feel ob
course, you a
done more th
complain of
body'll give
friend, on the
for giving in
both ways."
An hour l
He had not l
Wood's loan,
"Now, ho
fidential tone
now, after st
at a silver w
his goatee
minutes—th
so as't he w
they'll say y
hand, if you
doors to-mo
there wa'n'

: know Joseph, you bet! That's what
added, with a sly laugh. "Take your
ce."
y trouble with that," said Eli, shortly,
on't owe him anything."
id the peddler; "that makes a differ-
lerstood you did."
ock came, and brought Mr. Eldridge.
i worn out with excitement.
don't judge you the way the others
r. Eldridge, in a low tone, with his
s knee. "I know, as I told you, just
feel. But we can't help such things.
w, that I had kept dark, and allowed
s that that man was always sober, and
six months after, of thirty or forty
the bottom because the captain was
his base; and then to think of their
ildren at home. We have to do some
; but I say, do the square thing, and
"

n't believe he's guilty," said Eli.
n't you allow," said Mr. Eldridge,
men are more sure to hit it right than

aid Eli, reluctantly, "as a general

re's always got to be some give to a
in everything else, and you ought to
n on the rest of us. It isn't as if we
uirmish. Now, you know that if you
ll be tried a ain."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Got to be—no othe

"Now, the next time, t

you to stand out, and

scrape, and he'll just soc

Eli turned uneasily in

"And then it won't be

and folks'll turn again

what's worse, let you alc

"I can stand it," sai

do as they like. They c

"They can kill your

children," said Mr.

children can't stand it

they were speaking of

He sued a poor, shiftl

from Pennsylvania to h

had him arrested and ta

the funeral begun—af

flowers on the coffin; a

after that—they just le

while his wife took si

kindly woman—and she

finally, he moved off

before the woman died

take to do different fror

"Well," said Eli; "

with."

Mr. Eldridge stretch

Then he began to wall

out of tune. Then he st

chair.

"Suppose we try a ballot," he said. "He seems to give a little."

In a moment the foreman rapped.

"It is time we were taking another ballot, gentlemen," he said.

The sleepers rose, grumbling, from uneasy dreams.

"I will write 'guilty' on twelve ballots," said the foreman, "and if any one desires to write in 'not,' of course he can."

When the hat came to Eli, he took one of the ballots and held it in his hand a moment; and then he laid it on the table. There was a general murmur. The picture which Mr. Eldridge had drawn loomed up before him. But with a hasty hand he wrote in "not," dropped in the ballot, and going back to his chair by the window, sat down.

There was a cold wave of silence.

Then Eli suddenly walked up to the foreman and faced him.

"Now," he said, "we'll stop. The very next break ground. If you, or any other man you set on, tries to talk to me when I don't want to hear, to worry me to death—look out!"

How the long hours wore on! How easy, sometimes, to resist an open pressure, and how hard, when the resistance gone, to fight, as one that beats the air! How the prospect of a whole hostile town loomed up, in a mirage, before Eli! Then the picture rose before him of a long, bark, now building, whose owner had asked

him yesterday to be firs
were only well, and he
night's trouble, how soon
waves, he could begin to re
And then came Mr. Eldri
to have another little chat.

MORNING came, cold and
knocked at the door, and cal
And, in a moment, unwashe
except the tin-peddler, who a
comb in his pocket, they we
street to the hotel.

There were a number of m
ing to see them — jurymen
accused himself, for he was
the procession the night b
others, had read its meaning.

"Eli knows I wouldn't d
himself, "and he's going to l

The jury began to turn f
door. Everybody looked.
another file, another, another
three men, and then one?
walked alone.

Everybody looked at Wood
away.

But this time the order of r
nothing, one way or the other
the judge, who had happened
night before returning from t

iff in some temper—for judges are
l vigorously intimated that if that
ot look after his fool of a deputy,
parade secrets to the public view,

e in their room again. At nine
ap, and a summons from the court.
g attorney was speaking with the
went in. In a moment he took

!" called out the clerk, and the
His attorney was not there.
n !" said the judge, rising. The
silence of the crowded court-room

erk asks you for a verdict, gentle-
judge, "I have something of the
to say to you, which has but this
my knowledge."
color, and the whole court-room

some most singular rumors, after
en to you, gentlemen, to the effect
een in this cause a criminal abuse
painful to suspect, and shocking to
rts and juries are liable ever to
unprincipled practices. After ten
ench, I never witness a conviction
pain; but that pain is light, com-
listress of knowing of a wilful per-

version of justice.
to say to you that such
ment, exceedingly rare,
searching power of tru
discovered."

The foreman touche
elbow. Eli folded his a
"As I said," continu
most singular rumors.
the night, rumor, as
evidence, and evidence
to certainty. And the
sires me to say to you t
bank—who held the seco
under arrest for a heavy
robbery was to conceal,
prisoner at the bar—no
you, gentlemen, that y
adverse verdict."

"Your Honor!" said
throat; "I desire it to b
case stood last night, th
convict, and never woul

There was a hush, w
indorsed the record of
walked down to the jury
"Just what I told n
said. "I knew you'd ha

Eli's jury was excuse
and by noon he was in

ıost pressing burden: for George
net him on the road, and told him
ɔt going to the West, after all, for the
hould not need his money. But, as
e bend of the road and neared his
t a rising fear that some disturbing
have reached his wife about his action
And, to his distress and amazement,
, sitting in a chair at the door.
he said, "what does this mean?
y?"
you what it means," she said, as she
ı a little smile and clasped her hands
"This morning, it got around and
hat you was standing out all alone for
and that the talk was that they'd be
, and drive you out of town, and that
itied *me—pitied me!* And when I heard
ht I'd see! And my strength seemed
back, and I got right up, and dressed
d what's more, I'm going to get well

id.

YOUNG STRONG OF '

BY MILICENT WASHB

IF you had asked any resi
some eight years ago—
the leading men of his tow
have begun :
"Well, there's Judge Ga
there's Uncle Billy Gree
shanty there in '49, and
Clarion '—,"
However he might cont
would certainly have bee
three names. One you w
you had been following
some years ; for Judge G
chosen State senator in
the barren honor of pr
time his party carried t
the papers were urging

liticians thought his chance of such a
creasing. It has not turned out so;
quite dropped out of the papers, and
does not certainly control his own
but at that time he was the most
l influence in three counties. What
them to, I never clearly understood,
call that I ever heard his name men-
ction with any measure or opinion.
he Clarion" during the four years
rong was editor would doubtless
the matter. "The Clarion" was at
of voice crying in the wilderness
which was a very new idea, in-
aders. Garvey did not like the
ng Strong disliked Garvey very
two men had kept on fairly good
gid good terms, of course, as to
essing to third parties the frankest
h other. The Judge had here the
trong despised him indignantly,
he despised Strong—or said he
is a fool. He must, however,
honored the young fellow with
ipathy; for it was after all no
hat a boy of twenty-five should
aul, which he had conquered by
way his home paper from under
reover, though people read the
, and voted with the Judge just
till did read them. However,

Judge Garvey certainl
than Strong was to him
As for Uncle Billy G
only to his connection
house of entertainment
turned from the river tow
having remained steadily
putting up a larger buildi
tlement gathered around
proprietor of the America
goodly dimensions and g
iard-room, bowling alley
did Uncle Billy Green owi
in a purely business spir
would have been more pro
that much for the town."
Gulliver had established t
the day of bridges, but
Green's Ferry, being a ferr
had been of an undoubte
fights of early days, was fu
no personal objections to
and had long given over
trouble of forming his opini
Judge Garvey and youn
sure to be put upon such b
the local affairs of the small
in local matters they proved
well, however at odds they
in the end it was not over
district school, that they fell

rustees, and as Green was the third, seemed in little danger from any too rming tendencies young Strong might of, and the Judge had no thought of he walked down to "The Clarion" eathless September afternoon, a couple fore the school should open.

d young Strong in his editorial room. corner of the printing-office, fenced off screen pasted over with old exchanges. is, Strong sat at his table, correcting rgetically. It was evident that he took of this little four-page weekly rather but, then, a man must needs be busi- o produce even four pages weekly with ant, and Strong had to economize time om strictly editorial functions to do a are of type-setting and the rest of the of the office.

your pardon for interrupting you, Mr. said the Judge. "I perceive you are occupied. But it becomes necessary to h you with regard to the school-teacher." ge was a tall and vigorously built man— -faced, but good-looking, if one did not too fine a definiteness of outline. He itually with a certain inflation of man- ried to form himself upon a Southern was pretty abundant in our politics some er. He was, however, a native of rural , early transplanted to California.

incide?" he said. "What two views
ıe? What does she say brought her

: an idea that she's got first claim on
said the Judge, plumping suddenly
ial diction. He had a trick of doing
got down to business. It would have
ıng the effect of candid confession,
a maiden's plain-hair days alternated
ıved-hair days, had not the grandilo-
ne and manner become so far second
it ran through both his dialects, and
contrast. "You can't always make a
ense."

ɔked suspiciously at him a few seconds.
go see her this evening," he said.
ıe staying?"

a totally superfluous tax on your time,
ong," said the Judge, leaning persua-
; the books again. "I have here a mere
stating that Coakley is the regularly
.cher of the school, and will begin next
our signature to it—Green's and mine
there—will be all that is necessary."
pen and ink toward Strong with his ex-
.ir of courtesy.

ı not going to sign things that way,
I'll go see her." He turned and drew
ıeets to him with an air of dismissal.
ge stood up very straight, expanded his
folded his arms according to his con-

to represent. I sco-r-n to answer
ions, sir. They will be hurled back
by the united voice and righteous
my justly aroused fellow-townsmen,
of this noble district—I may say, by
tate of California—to which I am not
ir."

zen of the justly aroused fellow-towns-
straggling in from the street, for in
a sprinkling of the citizens spend
ernoons sitting in absolute tranquillity
nd barrels here and there, under the
the several business blocks; and the
hat a row was at last on between Judge
young Strong reached them at the
the Judge, alive to the increase of his
ised his voice a shade, and went on
mixture of complacency and genu-

k of confidence that has sent me to
honorable constituency in the legisla-
California, Mr. Strong? Have I re-
proud token of esteem only to be in-
e whose obscurity is his only shield;
known record, with no recommenda-
own overwhelming self-esteem, comes
sow dissent in peaceful counsels, and
nd contempt upon his own head by
futile attacks upon those whom he is
arm?"

d the climax well, so the Judge only

added: "The call you propose, sir,
as a direct insult to myself," and s
cally from the room.
The papered screen went crash
behind him. The justly aroused
looked after him, laughing but ac
"Laid you out, didn't he, Str
"That's the way he does it at
the Judge is a real orator—th
that."
"*He* don't have to make hi
hand. No, sir, right where he
he just turns the faucet, and
"What was the row, anyw
"I don't know myself;
teacher—he began to blus
Strong walked over to the s
it straight along a crack
and went back to his seat
haven't heard him take
election. He's always n
quarrelling with me, too
"Oh, he's no drunke
candor a fellow-towns
really himself until h
blow so without son
yourself—not if *I* knc
"Well, if he's got
to his last chance i
said Strong; and
asked:

"What row could there be about a teacher, Strong? Thought you'd given him his man."

The pencil rolled from the edge of the table across the floor at Strong's movement of attention. "Coakley?—What of him?"

The man began to laugh, and one or two others joined in. One of them said a little offensively: "Pretty good on you, youngster! You took too big a contract for your age when you undertook to keep up with Judge Garvey. He'll give you odds and take you in, every time."

Strong reddened a little, but waited to be answered with very fair composure.

"Didn't you really know, Strong? The Judge red one on you that time, then. Why, he's n Garvey's man in Sierra Township one or two tions now. Used to be a Millerite preacher, re your day, but he broke down at that. Good d in county politics, but he's always completely of business between times. Why you remem- him, Strong——he was round with the Judge ion times —— cross-eyed fellow, with black s."

hat fellow? Why, he can't spell straight way of it was, Judge Garvey told us on day that the teacher we'd got—first-rate ce es—had backed out; and we couldn't put ning school any longer, nor hear of a r to be had; so when he produced this ma l really no choice. I suppose I needn't a he got his certificates."

NG STRONG OF "T

"No—Garvey's solid wit
and superintendent."
"Disgraceful!" said St
laughed, except one who ha
years before during busine
Judge.
"Oh, he's a scamp—I wou
sight with his baby's silver
with feeling. The rest laugh
Ferry a certain easy-going
quired by the public conscie
logue virtues. Garvey like
right; if you were yourself
rally begin to vote against
none of your business, excel
ity had a claim on your
Strong liked to write furiou
right; if you were the one
Strong and stop your sub
some one else made you
was none of your busine
They leaned against the wa
with perfect good-nature
Judge. "R'member the ti
ranch? Fellow thought i
thirty acres he was signin
dred."
"Best thing was when h
believe he was dying, and
thous dollars in stock
marr the girl, sir, bef

twenty years more. He made the
imstone the rest of his life if you
vey to him! Drowned in a ford a
later, after all. Used to live in a
o Indian Crick and raise potatoes—
nt him a cow—cheekiest thing!"
ed sharply away from the laugh that
went on with his work, while they
sed. He worked on savagely with
together. "It isn't so much the ex-
undrels like Garvey that gets me," he
to himself, "as the way the whole
em take him." He stopped to read
ds he was correcting—they were edi-

er folly greater than this of our com-
dropping everything else to run after
or what do you expect to do with it
get it? Better eating, and drinking,
vilege of being toadied to by those who
ake something out of you—what more
t out of money, if you have never made
of *yourself?* Just as a pig, if he might
oice whether he would be turned into a
ould be moved into a cosier sty, with
unded swill, would doubtless choose the

oom against the ocean," he said; but he
orrecting doggedly.
ot to conceal from you what was in reality
significant fact about Will Strong—the

NG STRONG OF

key to about everything he
was mentally submitting thi
submitted every other he h
of the probable opinion of a
not seen nor heard from fo
nevertheless constituted to h
tive for existence—if not th
explanation of the human ra
ated at all. You must realize
derstand his story, that Will
very romantic young man in
tended to Green's Ferry that

Outside the screen, the strip
western window and open do
the meagre collection of dus
small press, the piles of pa
gered, red-haired boy settin
reflected that it must be nea
turned to see how far in the h
turned, and stood staring; fo
inquiring look of a pair of cl
aware of a lady in the doorwa

It is probable that Jim had
life of any other social dist
tween rich and poor, notori
was he a lad of perceptions
that this was a very unu
Green's Ferry. If he had b
would have know
of notably high
not without dis

She felt herself where she had no
Nevertheless, she came forward
in the friendly way of one whose
asserting:
—one of the school-board?—Is he

The boy made no motion, but stood
him, please?"
See you, Mr. Strong," shouted Jim,

seconds before Strong emerged, the
ground in the middle of the floor,
appearance of anxiety. She was cer-
noticeable person, and came nearer to
that strong word "beautiful" than
the lot of woman. It was a matter of
than color, however, for she had not
about her—brown hair, blue-gray
a warm paleness. All this low color-
, was so perfect of its sort, that it gave
the effect of a fine etching—a rich dis-
attained by shades, not colors. Instead
outshone by more brilliant-hued women,
had always had the effect of making
chromo-like. So, too, a certain nobility
forgetfulness of manner made the more
manners of others seem the crude device
ority. It was a good deal due to her
had most wonderful eyes, and I doubt if
or many women ever met them in a full

look without feeling a little
it was in the lashes, or in
wardness of look, utterly dev
the depth of the gray, or i
that no one ever saw Miss N
ing of her beautiful eyes.

"A lady to see him?"
Ferry defined only the sex.
tice of a flock of sheep for
to get in as a local; or wit
or—by George, yes—that sc
she had not met Garvey the
laid his pencil down, and
the screen good-naturedly
short. What a thing to hap
should live and move and
dozen years in the thought
count a world worth livin
somewhere on it, and a pi
working for because they
ures—and should come out
and see her before his eye
room floor—out of her fo
tance!

They had been four year
England High School. W
from an outlying, rocky v
his board while he went to
unscho d, hard-working
race. Winifred could lo
desc through vista of

nisters, back to Colonial aristocracy
eyond sea. Her great-grandfathers
words in Revolutionary battles, where
llowed with muskets. Winifred her-
of those flowers into which excellent
break occasionally—flowers so lovely
lence of the tree seems enough to ac-
em. If she had any core of aristo-
ss, it was so overlaid by a sweet hu-
frank generosity of impulse, that no
ve known it. If she had been a man,
t, she would have been a hero to him.
democracy of school, Will Strong
ugh the difference between his shy
and her pleasant frankness; and
igh he could meet school require-
s well as she, yet his mental range
narrow beside hers; and any one
in the town where he was an un-
was an important young lady.
ould not have counted for much
iediæval follower of some exiled
own into the boy's temperament
elf-abasing loyalty that is rather
in our democratic days. They
ms of friendliness rather than
ol, but that was due more to his
ning else. She had really given
ortunities than to most of her
liked his integrity and earnest-

He had looked to college a
tween his world and hers; a
Haven he might seek her
audacity. To that end he
mulated money, and had eve
lation, when his father's deat
sable on the poor little farm
doggedly plodded alone thro
riculum, but without finding
pass-word that he had expec
ual aristocracy. Some tw
mother's death and the gro
brothers had left him free
California. At twenty-seven
look and boyish shyness; he
was, but he was really very y
in all sorts of abstractions beg
His mental furniture, being
not people, was not quite in
ent decade, and he read Carly
than Herbert Spencer. His
quite transcendentalism enc
without incongruity his littl
Once in every year or tw
him near her home, he had
multiplied each call mighti
fore and after. He had al
respon ce with a schoo
the sa town with her, fo
being tioned. With
ever she had lost her fa

ork, so he had lost exact knowledge even
hereabouts.

oke before he had found his voice—with-
instant's hesitation, indeed. "Oh, Will
, she cried, stepping quickly toward him
ing out her hand. "I *hoped* it was you!"
k the offered hand, and said to himself that
was consecrated by the touch to clean
rever. He would not have known how to
her, but he followed her leading.
Winifred Northrop!" he said. "What is
I do something for you?"
are school-committee man, are you not?"
relief, and trust mingled in her voice.
ee—yes. Why," he cried, "it isn't pos-
you are the lady!"
hed. "I suppose the lady must be I."
not smile. He even lost color with
Garvey has dared to play you some
d not dream—" he went on, eagerly,
t the letters in his hands, and bungled
so I did not once fairly catch it."
k to his corner, and put the re-
of in to his pocket. New heavens
l come into existence since the
it.

"I'm called off on school-busi-
much of that set up as you can
then lock up; and I'll come
e corrections in the editorials
I— Now—Winifred—if I may

walk home with you, we'll
Garvey's tricks. Villain !"
The epithet was so fervent,
out humorous intent, that M
again as they walked out i
tember afternoon sun. The
uneven and full of projecting
and she held her thin, blue
aside from them; Will noted
miration as intense as unreaso
him peculiarly admirable that
hat a little forward to shade
take just the length of step tha
lutely right step for a lady
tled; since then, he has in
upon a certain shade as the
gray, as if he held in his own
standard beyond the realm of
The two or three business bl
frame-buildings, more of them
seem possible—were very quie
the shipping point of a wide s
and all its activity centres ab
tion at stated times daily. Th
low-townsmen were all back
leaning against the wall by t
on boxes by the grocery; so
stories and chaffing; some l
them in absolute repose; so
inert d kenness. All sta
Strong and the strange

terward, but no one addressed

le soon into a broad cross street
where the coarse dust was in
Behind them, beyond the main
ps of yellowing cottonwoods on
dish clay marked the course of
before them the street faded into
e of gravel, thinly dotted in the
l green oaks, and bounded by
wrinkles in the plain, dark with
smoky sky of September—a sky
ull gray near the horizon.

e of the street the flimsy wooden
back, each in its yard, and sur-
ders; sometimes there would be
ses, a trellis of Madeira-vine, a
nursed grass, often a row of
fallen black seeds stippled the
the great rosy clumps of olean-
the heat and drought. Every
ner the owners come out, and
these gardens with hose and
along the street there is a mur-
a smell of damp earth, and here
the warm twilight a glimpse of
of water; while the families sit
doorstep, and gossip and laugh.
ver, the little gardens and splen-
ot and deserted in the dusty af-

"I haven't till now had
ing anxious to be intereste
"I was rather panic-stric
things were awful, insteac
portion to their newness."
This bit of pathos stiffe
the awkwardness of over
"Now, what can I do for y
The awkwardness mad
school-boy Will; and the
thousand miles from hom
than it really is. Miss No
ingly: "I will tell you al
will know what to do. I
some one referred me to h
asked if I might teach the
that I might, fixed the d
boarding-place that he ha
came by yesterday evenin
that I was here. This mo
me—with most oppressiv
not answered his last let
given to some one else. I
quette' here demands ar
and failure to answer is eq
of the application."
"He lied," said Will,
along with his eyes on
contrar looked at him
ness.
"I

"He did not impress

id as little as possible to him,
;one I asked about the rest of
as soon as I heard your name I
I knew you were somewhere in
afternoon I received his letter
my coming. It had followed
ne same train that I came on."
r in her hand, and Will quietly
it. "I would not raise any con-
ich a thing," she went on, "if I
the world where else to go or
ler voice sharpened a little again,
athos.

know how to answer without seem-
on or comment, so there came a
e said:

kley was an electioneering agent of
d doesn't know enough to teach
seems to have turned up suddenly
", and the Judge is willing enough to
hand and under obligations until next

throp stopped short and looked at him
a little raised, and her bearing became
more distant.

cannot enter into contest with—these
ermission to teach school here," she said.
s right, in her quick feeling that Will
training could not have made work and
ort and contact with vulgarity seem out-
sphere of women. If it had been one of

his own sisters he would h
we have to take the world as
little girl; I'll put you saf
find it's not so bad, after all.

But what he said to Winifr
is outrageous! Such brute
business to look at a lady! I
to take the school," he went
rassment, "I hope you will c
any other way; but if you w
have it, and no annoyance w

Miss Northrop repented
her confidence. "I remer
kind of old, Will"—and he
ibly winning when she sa
you are so very kind no
ashamed. I only meant t
do. Yes, I must take this
have no alternative."

"There is nothing for yo
is my place, as an officer of
its rightful teacher is not d

"So it is," she said, reli
the less grateful."

"It is a pleasure to me t
for you," he said, gravely,
his tone you would not ha
truth than usual in the for

She only said: "You a
he lifted his hat, and left
He deliberately and

t—directly to Green's—that
nan in the world. For that
ssible that he was. He was
conscious hyperbole in say-
th a life-time of trouble only
I know her and am able to

vantage in having seen Miss
aw Green before Garvey had
he report of the quarrel had
l to reach "The American
Strong came in Uncle Billy
essing himself with regard to

udge'll provide for his man
ce. That's where he's sharp.
art enough to suit Judge Gar-
gh to teach *my* children—that's

e with him would have been
he hour of general discussion,
brief exposition of his case—
with considerable force—then
g the letter he carried by way
ly expected to elicit anything
l and comment on the Judge's
re was a marked seriousness of
when he ended.
tty rough."
going too far. The Judge
to stop. I don't stand by no

man when it comes to a shak
tected school-marm."

"A real lady, too—I coul
went by with you, Strong."

Even Green said, uneasily,
think the Judge ought to do th

It was evident that Green's
as much as any other town. T
offered Strong was mainly neg
Green, after several alternate
his two fellow trustees during
ing, went off early Sunday mo
married daughter at the old Mee
word that they must fix it betw
Garvey closed the somewhat sto
Saturday evening with a promis
Miss Northrop's school in a we
paper in a month. "Do you fl
should not have had your conter
powder under my feet, sir, befor
thought it worth the attention?"
there was nothing on which the Juc
self more than on his invariable c
("the courtly Judge" was his fav
writing up a local notice of any aff
had been present), Strong, having po
school-house key, was able to put M
into possession on Monday morning
sition. The Judge even visited her d
and addressed the school with extre
He was, however, very seriousl

day without diligent prepa-
and children to make Miss
ıntenable. It would have
either, but for an altogether
e—a factor that he had not
lculations, and that Strong
ımated. The children, who
Monday morning primed for
heir hearts in a body to Miss
hree days later, Uncle Billy
taught the primary school,
ance; by the end of the week
:en her was her advocate. It
recedented thing that Judge
ons should come to naught,
s way of smiling and speak-
rop's tenure of the school was
ntirely speech and smile, how-
was interested in everything,
l common ground with every-
each one on that ground, not
temporarily forgetting differ-

From gray to gray; the parch-
red down the plain and dark-
gritty dust; the sky, though
rkier every day. Then the
e south, and the sky grew
ging heaps of clouds, and at
ate November rain; and next
ırop could see, like a miracu-

lous creation of the night, t
and-west street, a range of
either horizon, snow-crow
an exquisite blue sky. E
the surge of clouds would
south wind, and the rain w
rents for days, till the S
mud, roared level with i
storm would break away
week or two of blue sky a
earth.

One Sunday in March
the latter rains, Miss N
walked out together seve
The gravel had long disa
clover and *filaria*, thick
yellow clover blossoms, t
and with small blue gil
had been driven down
they spend their summ
air was full of the ble
down either horizon, co
were the long ranks
Range, deep blue, ru
peaks of all shapes—th
Balleys, and many a
the interval between t
away, the solitary pea
dark oak-knolls, shar
against a stainless sk
warm clover, beside a

o its banks on its way to the Sacramento. ;red pushed back her hat, dropped her hands r lap, and let her senses be played upon by .elicious air, the blue and white of mountains sky and clouds, the luminous green, the rush- of water close by, and the bleating of flocks in distance. It gave Will a good chance to watch face—the sweetness of the mouth ; the nobility he level brows ; the frankness of the eyes ; the t wave of her hair. There was a marked sad- ss in her face in repose ; to wonder why, was to insgress the code of loyal humility that Will set mself ; he had not even considered it due chiv- ry to speculate, much less ask, as to the reason so amazing a phenomenon as her presence in alifornia at all, and the incongruity of her school- eaching. Her pose was perfect, and yet nothing ould be more unconscious. Was that marvellous pontaneity, that simple dignity, the regular thing mong the men and women Winifred belonged ith ? It made him feel left very far out to think How incapable of effort for admiration she , yet how invariably admirable !

ne caught him looking at her, in time. "What ?" she said, simply.

colored with some confusion, but confessed e of his thought. "I was wondering if you do not care at all for admiration. Most would think they got the good of their living g praised a fraction as much as you've been. s impertinent I beg your pardon ; you ne."

YOUNG STRONG OF

The portion of aristocra
Winifred was largely concent
to talking of herself or lettin
so she looked a little annoy
some constraint:

"Yes—I care—at first—wh
that praises. But there is
self-distrust. It seems hum
more frankly, "to have bee
done some common thing—
written a poem, or handled
or less cleverly, when one
education and art are. And
that always seems a contem
you think of what great thin
be in the world, and the live
have lived."

"Your achievement seem
Will, with some gloom, "be
always opens to you. To
none—."

"Why, Will," she cried,
dissent. "You have done
one I know. Do you call it
curriculum alone and under
And I know that it was don

"Oh, yes," he said, indif
clover into the stream, "
A. B. fast enough. But
do, Winifred, that that's
course. I've seen fellows

had no spare time or energy, and
ed a great deal of the college
tion didn't permeate 'em. Then
hings—music, art, social oppor-
of expression—that are no slight
they make up more of first-class
:k optatives or the equation of a
t really possible for a man, not
ımstances, to get himself into a
ne are born to." He let the clover
p- "Oh, I'm not growling, Wini-
astily, smiling, as he saw her about
y- "I'm only making philosoph-
ıs, and using myself as an illustra-
the world should I growl to find
l half way up, when there is a town-
ehind us clear down at the bottom,
neir fault than mine? Why should
am left out from the best chances,
that a thousand other fellows are?
Legislature was there that 'I should

aning forward with her irresistible
ıis, and face and voice vivified with
stic expressiveness that makes speech
more than the words.
t is true," she cried, "but it is only
ıth- 'Close thy' Carlyle; 'open thy'
t's true, you have missed some things
erved to have and that many of your
e for nothing. But your life is only

begun, and your ability and
that you needn't waste regr
may fail to do. Even if circ
querable that stand between
things, are the things you h
less value?—your courage
self-reliance and trustworthin
Why, Will, *character* is wort
edge of art, or familiarity wi
to live bravely is worth mc
Do you suppose I would
panionship for that of a do
who could talk to me about
—this was in the last deca
Rauss's heads, as you can't,
me one spark of genuine fe
things of life, as you can?"

Will was overwhelmed. W
his affairs much, following
interest, but of himself or
was actually a new idea to
she could have any very
Moreover, it was the first ti
speak with unveiled and arde

"You do not mean"—and
with difficulty—"that I c
ground people that—such
ates."

"No; you would meet m
ground. If they didn't kn
their discredit. I should t

d, in a quick, parenthetic averse
ir associate. If you want to get a
of the value of your life, compare
dinary, foolish, useless one—like
ave him no chance to answer that,
xt moment on her feet, suggesting
on, and wishing they were not to
he Lassen Buttes, whose apparent
s of miles distant as they were, was
l surprise to her eastern eyes.
hing has been made ready for it, a
nay easily make or mark an era in
probable that if Miss Northrop had
d young Strong he was quite good
, he might have remained her con-
or years. Six months of being her
vorked their result, to be sure; but
ey were gnawing at was of mediæ-
re, and of twice six years' growth.
n of himself, however, had only
distance from her; therefore, his
nificance of her speech was enor-
his relation to her changed; he was
l his moorings, and thrown into a
n that possessed him night and day,
with time. For this was what it all
the distance between Winifred and
than the distance between her and
? And when he had once thought
was open, and the besieging host
took possession of every corner of

him with longing and
derness.

He thought of not
editorials and set typ
of it, as people have
work to an accompani
pain. For there was
him ; it was all a bitt
something to her—to
this great, dark futur
And yet the latter rai
faded from the grour
mer and duller, and
summer murk, before
next step—from lov
vassal to lover.

He did so simply
any longer. It stood
a way out of such act
why not he as well
absurd to suppose t
love with any man,
It occurred to Will
natural enough, aft
love, but to offer he
to Mrs. Stutt's to
little before school o
in good spirits, to
speech, after so lon
relief. And she h
all this time.

tutt was in her little strip of grass and
s. "That you, Mr. Strong?" she called
rily as he lifted the gate-latch. "Well,
throp's in the sitting-room, I s'pose. You
in, and I'll come in when I've done my
."

k you," said Will, absently, and walked
he house. Winifred was not in the dark
ing-room. He walked to the open window
d there, expecting her to come in pres-
There were veils of Madeira vine over the
just opening their whitish tassels of bloom,
air was full of the smell of them. Mrs.
gan to water the grass outside, and the
f water from her hose glimmered through
eira vine; the noise of the water came to
the crying of crickets, and the smell of
ly wet earth. Then he heard a step on
h, and saw Winifred go down the short
he gate. He could see by her white dress
stood still there; so he went out, too, to
Mrs. Stutt was watering at the other
he house now, and the two were alone.
opped a moment in the darkness and faint
a great oleander, a few feet from the
ss girl at the gate, to realize well the grace
im white figure, and her unconscious atti-
he stood in a weary way, with her head a
en back, and her hands hanging loosely
efore her. There was so much and so
hensible emotion in the attitude, that

Will felt vaguely thrust ou
from that where her interes
heard him approach, for the
was just coming to a stand
stone's throw off, and there
jarring cars, and shoutin
steam, and ringing bell. I
should be quite over. So
rapidly from the station;
dark figure, thought it had
an unfamiliar look. It pau

"Winifred!"

Will did not know the
him blind and dizzy.

Winifred started violen
clasped her hands tightly
breast in a frightened way

"Oh, my God!" she
There was a rattle of the
open of the gate, and the
arms.

"My darling, my dar
infinite tenderness. "D
hide anywhere in all t
should not find you?"

For just an instant she
she drew back. "You
with unmistakable pain
that. I thought if I
hearing, you would fo
get myself

e in before she had fairly spoken.
e mistaken, Winifred; there was no one
us. O my foolish little hot-head! if you
been so headlong in your self-sacrifice—if
l only waited till I came back—I could have
l you in ten minutes that there was no place
Mollie is married to John Gates and is very
y. And you and I—my little girl, how nearly
wo lives have been spoiled! Sweetheart,'' he
laughing with a shaky voice, "I think I shall
r dare let go of you again"—and he drew her
to him.

e hesitated—surrendered—clung to him with
g sobbing breath. "Oh, I have wanted you
have *wanted* you so!" she cried. "Oh, don't
ream and melt away this time!"

l Strong, standing close in the darkness of
eander, acquiring a life-long association with
of Madeira vine and oleander and wet earth,
crickets and noise of sprinkling water,
d himself together enough to creep away.
going to realize it pretty soon, he thought;
not yet; it seemed likely to be beyond
ce when he did. As he passed the door
e opened it, and the lamp-light streamed
m; Winifred looked around and saw his
an instant, and then he had slipped away
a side gate.

ked out from town across miles of dark
il he came to the empty channel of the
which they had sat in March. Under-

YOUNG

foot not a
stranger wo
ever grown
since gone
channel bet
white in the
was lifeless,
forest fires in

Will threw
with his fingers
surely then, looking forward to
know at the end looking back
never be an out-lived romanc
creep back into that temple of d
Winifred's own hand had lured
bled to dust behind him. Nor
who, losing a woman, loses only
and best ambition; she was the
every pleasure, every ambition;
all. The realization clutched
like a tiger. There was not
within miles; a man might g
depths, might drop even the res
in outcries and struggles as
beast's. It may be that solit
scenes than a decently decoro
to think.

Yet there was a sense upo
demand, some decision to b
he began to try to collect hi
seem as if there could har

STRONG

ade of gr
have belie
ere. The fo
the mounta
shelvy ba
nclouded yet d
and faintly tain
the mountains.
himself down on
ers at the gritty

him to decide. There was no question
ng—he had never had anything to
Nevertheless, his instinct was correct
m to a moral conflict and a momentous
he question was simply whether he
up his life again, could find faith that
as worth living for; or whether life
hollow going through the forms—frus-
poseless, full of brooding regret and
ame, and sense of wrong. But he
rag his bruised mind up to the ques-
uld not even think what it was. He
lf up, stepped down into the dry
d knelt on the white stones, obeying
ion with the attitude; laid his arms
n a shelf of the bank, and let the
l nerveless will lie passive, while the
l forces of years—of generations—pas-
in and despair and love, shame and
nd loyalty—trampled back and forth
ghting out for him his battle.
thly, aggressively still; not an insect
a tree to rustle; only bare earth and
After a long time Will raised his head
t back, looking up at the dull stars,
tstretched hands lay clasped before
gan to breathe more deeply. Not
s later he rose and walked homeward
n, wide waste.
rnoon of the next day when he stood
's door again. Mrs. Stutt looked at

him with the embarrassmen
she admitted him. People
him all day, on the street a
the same embarrassment and
was packing, the good wo
answer to her call, Winifre
room into the little sitting-
evidently under agitation
Will had no doubt, from his
that she had seen and un
flight the evening before. I
calm, as he held out his ha
in silence.

Winifred tried to speak na

"I had just sent a note t
as they sat down.

"About the school, I su
quietly. "You are going a

"Yes." There she sto
downcast. She looked up
her breath to speak, stoppe
"You have been very goo
there she hesitated. Her
her words so as to ignore
part from him in a cold or i
He rose, and crossed over
"Winifred," he said gent
on my account; and so it
speak of what otherwise
ignore. I want you to kn
harmed me."

ose quickly at that, and they stood near
r, with their eyes fixed on each other's;
ness of expression in her face seemed to
e place of answer. He went on steadily,
g low:

ave thought it all over, and I find these two
stronger than any pain that may have come
Winifred, I cannot do you this wrong, to
you the instrument of evil to me. That is
the two things. And the other is that there
ing to reproach any one with; no one has
wrong; there is no cause for shame, or
ment, or bitterness—only for clean pain.
s no great evil, Winifred, when it is clean,
ter how sharp."

miled at her tranquilly enough as he spoke.
h, he was not unhappy at the moment. It
luring but after the parting interview that
h comes. She answered him only with her
attentive look, and he went on:

id not come to those convictions; they
me; or rather, they were in me, and bore
the other feelings. All the noisy passions
away before them, and left just those
es in my soul. They made all my love
ty work together, instead of tearing me
te directions. For, see, Winifred, hasn't
r moral faith for years that to do spir-
to another is the greatest evil that can be-
nd to do him spiritual benefit, the greatest
ll these years since we were in school

together, I have been pro
be only a good to you to
I have thought, because i
And I will not be so disl
be spoiled because of you
Winifred looked at h
years!" It was a revel
shock to a woman that wa
"I think it was all the
what your last year had be
my life and into yours. J
that I do not think of it v
entered so little into it;
voice broke from its ste
been good, *good* in it all.
you had trifled with me—
bottom of the river to-d
wronged me," he went
nothing monstrous or u
every thing I believed in
as ever.

"And I want you to
mind my love, Winifred.
and stood mute. "It
willing and glad to hav
self because you canno
that has happened, do
that either—if I don't
said, smiling a little, w
ness quite new to him.

having no longer to struggle with pain
o keep her at arm's length."
oked up then, and cried out passionately.
l, Will, if only there was anything in all
ld I could do to make it up to you!"
re is nothing to make up," he said. "I
rather have pain from you than pleasure
ny one else. But there is something that
do; this: not to feel my love a burden
on you, an annoyance or trespass, an
or self-reproach—or anything that will
you want to get rid of it," he finished,
again; "and to let me give you all I wish,
condition that I ask no return. And if, in
years, I should ask to come and live near
nd be good friends—may I? It would be
he urged, less quietly, "that I should have
your friendship, when I ask nothing more.
you take away the crumbs from me, just
e I have lost the loaf?"
that best, Will?" she began, anxious and
ting. "Oh, I mean for you. It isn't *possible*
ou can always—think of me—so. There is
ason. If you do not see me—somebody

ave I been seeing you these dozen years?"
d, very gently. "You may trust me to know
s best for me. Why think—think a moment,
riend, and you will understand. You, of all
, can understand the plane I want you to
e on."

Winifred's eyes kindled and
"I see. I do understand. I can
own plane, and I can trust you
you. I am not afraid to have y
year or two."

"Thank you," he said, shake
been.

"It is because you are very no
can come out of this harm," she
eloquent tremor in her voice.
before very long I shall be, as y
glad—for so great a gift—only
your sake. I am very grateful
you how great a thing I think i
man as you."

They had both become emt
now, and both stood silent to
"You leave by this evening's
a minute.

"Yes."

"Then this is good-by."

"For a while."

They moved together to
reached it, Will turned and he
an attempt at a smile. They
with hands clasped. Winif
were filling.

"Good-by, Winifred," he
"Good-by," she answere
e she had thrown hersel
ne was walking down th

Winifred's lover, coming from the ticket-
gentleman high-bred and handsome in
ıe, a scholar by his appearance, a good
his eyes, a good companion by his smile.
ere all those differences between him and
at the young man had talked of and Wini-
all sincerity had called nothing; and, more-
he would never in the world have loved him
e had not been. The girl was an aristocrat
ıll, when it came to a question not of friend-
but love. And Will knew it; love is pene-
ıg enough to divine that much from scanty

He looked at the stranger with a sort of
sferred reverence—what a king of men must
be whom Winifred could crown! And if he
not look at him without a blinding pang, it
s, nevertheless, a test of the thoroughness of the
ght's work that there was neither bitterness nor
ersion in it. Something, that sense of having
sarmed pain—not dodged nor outwitted it, but
sarmed it forever—must have been in Winkel-
ed's consciousness as the spears pressed in.

But, after all, it is *taking* the second place that
osts—not being there after it has been once sin-
cerely and thoroughly accepted. Bunyan knew
long ago that it was easy walking in the Valley of
Humiliation, once you had come safely down.

On the street an acquaintance met Strong and
turned to walk beside him. It was the man who
would not trust Judge Garvey out of sight with
his baby's silver mug.

"I was just going to y
"It's something very importa
a marked friendliness, and a
sympathy. "You see," he
dentially, "we fellows that
Garvey begin to think our mi
The whole affair of Miss Nort
He was shabby when first sh
Coakley business, and he's b
ever since in a sneaking sort of
too! And there's a thing c
you'll excuse my speaking of
certain embarrassment. "I
gave it away first—he knew,
but Garvey's been boasting of
the bar-room. You know you
fellow in the States, and haven'
much lately."

"Yes, I know," said Strong.
a hint of what he did not say in

"Uncle Billy gives away an
he gets in the post-office," he s
"You knew that before, Stron
got out of him, too, that Miss
have nor write any letters; and
head she was hiding. Anyboc
wasn't used to working for a livi

"Look here—"

"Bless you, Strong, I sha'n't
spectful to her. This is somethi
know. He just did up a 'Cla

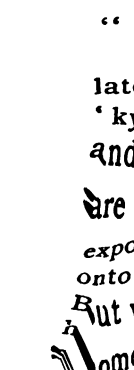
ıbout the school in it, and her name
and sent it to that fellow you used to
; and he wrote on the margin: 'Please
to Miss N.'s friends.' He said in the bar-
o-day, that he didn't know just what would
: it, but it stood to reason if she was on the
would damage her or you, somehow."
hasn't, however," said Strong. "But if I
round the bar-room—"
, we choked him off. I tell you, Strong,
ıdy thinks it was a pretty dirty trick. The
ıon't care so much about his big tricks, but
ın't stand any such small ones. No money
ther—only spite! Well, the long and the
—it's only a few weeks till convention; and
take hold now while they're mad, you can
ɔur own man for Senate, and we'll send
ıssembly."
ın't want to go to Assembly," said Will,
on his office-step. "I'll gladly do my
lefeat Garvey for Senate."
l, you just decide on your man, and bring
in your next paper and we'll elect him.
ple are strong for you just now. And I
hink you would look on going to Assem-
sort of duty—purify politics, you know."
l—I'll think about it." And young Strong
nto his shabby office, stopped to give Jim
s, then went in behind his screen, and
to write a proper editorial for beginning
m campaign.

HOW OLD WIGGINS WO

AN OLD SAILOR'S YA

BY CAPTAIN ROLAND T. C

"WELL, sir," said the old s
are ag'in. I ain't been r
lately, and atwixt you and me,
'kybosh' onto it, holdin' that com
and hystin' are promotin' of rheum
are well known, they come of lon
exposures in all climates, to say noth
onto a damp dock night arter nig
But what's the use? Everybody kn
Some are better than silver and fine
ands to reason are to be obtained
immin are like sailors in some r
r has anythin' to do with 'em r
dled and bridled, leastwise, or el
red. You've got to ride 'em, or e



*** The World, N. Y., November,

n' a sailorman myself, it ain't likely as
ıythin' ag'in 'em ; but if the truth must
ll say this—that while it'll never do, not
e, for to let sailors git the upper hand,
ıny a man as has giv' the helm into the
ıis old woman and made a better v'yage
ınd I don't mind sayin', sir, that havin'
ɜrin' the water got into the habit of al-
for to be skipper in the house durin' my
ɔin's on shore, it got for to be so much
, that since comin' home for a full due I
tried for to break away from it; and
nan natur' is falliable, and she does make
especially about the hystin', on the
l by and large, I judges I've been a
t, as I believes at least eight men out of
be if they took the hint accordin' and
one likewise.

go for to say as she ever goes to go
ı't a-goin' for to let you go there; but
ible aggrivokin' when the rheumatics
ful, and as it might be that this saw-
want no more splinters laid onto it,
r feelin'ly remark, 'Well, if you will
ı-guzzlin' ale with your swell friends
in' your lawful wife to home alone
ɜxpect to pay for it,' whereas I know
dock and other causes long gone by;
ıowledge don't ease the pain a mor-
last time I were that way tantalized
ɔuldn't come here no more. But what-

ever are the use? Man resolves a
then takes another snifter, and s
bein' as its cold, as so she sha'n't
her unfeelin' remark about guzzl
him make it hot rum, and arter
neither economizin' in the rum or
givin' a fair drink for honest money
"Well, well (just mix another a
cools off), to think how the time goes
autumn ag' in, and in a few weeks 'tw
It reminds me (I'll take one more, if
with one lump less of sugar and the sp
that I'm gittin' old, and I feels it. M
so good and my legs ain't so good, an
good all over. When I goes down to th
lantern are heavier than it used to wer
distance ain't so short as it used to seem
dock to the house. Afore many years l
quietly away, and though I'd prefer bei
fully sewed up and launched shipshape
water, with a hundred pound weight for
me down, I s'poses it won't make much di
nohow. Anyhow, if I lives as long as old W
I hopes I may go as well at the eend.
think I ever told you about him, and if yo
him fill 'em up ag'in—for it's one of the
of hot rum that the more you drinks the th
you gits—I'll reel you the yarn right off.

"Old Wiggins had been all his life int
Liverpool trade and had got well fixed, so
cash were consarned; and so when he came f

e seventy or seventy-two years old he were per-
aded for to knock off for a full due and spend the
alance of his life ashore. Goin' up to some place
Connecticut, he buys hisself a place there and
ttles down. Well, for a time he were all right,
fixin' up his house, a-buildin' new barns and
en-coops and fences and the like, and I've heerd
ll that the house where he kep' his pigs were
tter than any dwellin'-house in that region, and
e whole place were the wonder of the country
undabout; but arter he had fixed his house all
like a ship, with little staterooms all through
upper part of it, and had got everythin' inside
d out in shipshape order, and there weren't
hin' else he could think of for to do, he gits
ibly homesick and discontented, and times
en he'd come to the city for to collect his sheer
he profits of ships as he had a interest in, he'd
or hours on the wharf a-watchin' the vessels
he river, and it were like drawin' teeth for to
im to leave and go up to his home. His eyes
giv' out sometime afore he quit the sea, and
egs was shaky, so as he had to walk with a
' pole, and his hand were tremblin' and un-
y; but aloft he were still all right, and his
were as clear as a bell.

rter bein' ashore a matter of seven year, he
to town one day to see a ship off what he
en in afore he quit, and in which he had a
terest. The skipper of that ship, which her
vere the Vesuvius, he bein' called Perkins,

in comin' from the Custom
got athwart-hawse of a dra
down, the wheels passin' over
of 'em, and whatever do c
home-sickness bein' strong c
the agents, 'It are a pity fo
wind; I'll go aboard and take l
sure enough, he done it, nev
folks at home, but leavin' the
arter he were gone.

"Into that ship I were shi
tons or thereabout, with three
and loaded with flour and gr
teen of us afore the mast, with
ter and cook, and steward, le
November, and, unless I'm mis
1843.

"We towed down to the Ho
bar, and then put the muslin o
breeze from sou'west, and I su
a happier man in the world tha
he discharged the pilot and
charge.

"'I've giv' 'em the slip,' s
'I've giv' 'em the slip; they
old for to go to sea, but I'll sh
of life into me yet; git out all
sails and see to it that she's
and day, for in sixteen days I
pierhead in Liverpool.' Wel
movin' She were kep', and I

I seen that passage ; but we
of canvas, 'cause the old man
how to carry it, but he knowed
of her when it be to come off,
wind he'd 'liven up wonderful,
weather he'd show his age. It
to see him takin' the sun and
: off, which he weren't able for to
eans.
: stand on ?' he'd say to the mate
his eye to the glass and tryin' to
nd when the mate would tell him,
lieve that agrees with me ; just take
instrument ; my eyesight ain't just
used for to be, and I don't quite
Then the mate would read him off
, and arter he'd made it eight bells
: and work it up and prick her off.
n day out we made the light on Fast-
Cape Clear, and went bowlin' along
sin' Tuskar next day, and swingin'
annel and round Hollyhead past the
takin' a pilot off P'int Lynas. 'It
worth seein' for to watch the old man
takin' a pilot. The wind were fresh
rwest, and we passed the Skerries with
ls set and lower topmast and to'gallan'
the port side. As soon as ever we
ocks we kep' off for Lynas, and as soon
ails got by the lee they was hauled in.
the wind about two p'ints on the star-

board quarter we went bil
which we seen standin' off sh
of the P'int. There were a
on, and afore we gits to him
in to the bay and givin' shee
arter him, goin' two feet t
ryin' all three royals, with
and clewlines. Just afore we
man sings out, 'Clew up the
the flyin' jib, haul up the croc
By this time we was well und
smooth water. Keepin' his ey
boat, which were a couple o
weather bow, the old man no soo
to than he sings out, 'Hard up
as we swung off afore the wind
foresail and laid the head-yar
mannin' the port main braces we
yards run down on the caps an
ag'in, and so nicely had the old m
distance that as she come to the
alongside of the pilot-boat, stoppi
her and not over twenty foot awa
"'That was well done, Mr. Mat
as he come over the side; 'some
makes us chase 'em half a day afo
em. Fill away the head-yards, pu
n up the flyin' jib, brail up the s
e arter yards,' and as she swung
he wheel where I was a-steerin',
east-sou'east, my man; giv' u

We soon had the muslin piled onto her
l sure enough, as old Wiggins had said,
:nth day out he walked the pierhead in
)l.

derstood as old Wiggins was made a good
in Liverpool as bein' the oldest skipper
d ever come there, and the Board of Trade
at not giv' him dinners, and so on—which,
erin' his age, he oughtn't to have took—and
her skippers at the hotel he were much
ed, bein' giv' the head of the table and
d with great deference—and all this dinin' and
, and feastin' weren't no good to him—and,
a stay of three weeks, when we ag'in went
a the river with full complement of passengers
r good freight, he weren't not by no means as.
n
l a when we went in. We had, too, a tough
ll as channel, a stiff sou'wester, with rain
ne down thick weather, and it told onto the old man,
ıd that when arter bein' out a week we at last got
) clear of Tuskar and had the ocean open, the relief
rom the strain fetched him, and he were took
down sick.

"Whether it were to punish him for comin' to
sea at his time of life or not I don't know; but
from this on we did have the devil's own weather.
Gale after gale from the west'ard, shiftin' constant
from sou'west to nor'west, and tryin' constant to
see from which quarter it could blow the hardest.
"The mate were a plucky and a able young
eller, by the name of Graham, and he kep' her a-

dancin' as well as the old r
Constant she had everythin
bear, and always were she l
she'd make the most westin',
along till we was as far as tl
bein' thirty days out and not
day we asked the steward ho
a-gittin' on, and every day
and say 'no better;' and it
stood, fore and aft, that it we
up if the old man ever smell
had a little let-up arter gitt
and for a day or so had fine
to dry our dunnage. Fine da
in January on that herrin'
another; mentionin' herrin's
when you gits 'em they are r
breeders. I went up on to
when our side come up at 8
for to sew on the leather or
were like a day in May. Af
sewed on I be to look out fo
was goin' to clew up the sail
on it breezed on from the
constantly takin' the sail off
bells we was under double
reefed courses, with jib, cr
stowed. We hammered awa
on very heavy, 'cause she
nor'west, which were a good
in the arternoon watch, wher

diously we had to furl the reefed main-sail
:zen topsail and close reef the fore and main

'd think that were snug enough for any
ow, wouldn't you? and sartin it are; no
ought to have less canvas than this, till
away, 'cause she's safer with it onto her
1 it off, the reefed foresail supportin' the
'ell, we'd had gales and gales, but this
beat anythin' that I'd ever seen, and at
ls in the first night watch, with a tre-
surge, the weather leech rope of the fore-
'ay, and in a jiffy away went the foreyard
ngs—the foresail and fore-topsail goin'
ons. All hands, of course, was busy
yin' for to git some of this wreck stuff
ed, when all of a suddint from the poop
old man's voice, full and round and
not shrill and pipin' as we'd heerd it
ove all the roarin' of the gale and the
slattin' canvas, we heerd him shout:
'wearin' ship. We must git her head
sou'ard,' he bawled in the ear of the
raham struggled aft; 'the shift will
han half a hour, and its goin' to be
if it catches us aback it won't leave
r; but it ain't a-goin' to catch us,
her through many and many a time
bring her through this one, and then
e rest. Now, then,' says he, 'stand
helm just a few spokes a-weather,

don't check her at all with th
or two of the lee braces and
keep your eye constant on th
that were the second mate—'
keep it good full and give her a
yard square, and come up to
you.' And so, gently, as if sh
he coaxed her to go off, and
way. As soon as she done
hard up, and the main-ya
keepin' the topsail alift, bu
shake. As she went off till
quarter, a mighty wave came
in' us about the main riggi
and dashin' out the starboard
nit we got the wind onto the
braced the mainyard sharp u
and bowsed the weather on
string. 'Now, then,' says
mind that trash for'ard, let
on to the main-yard and a
brace aloft; lay aloft for yo
venter gaskets on everythin
have it soon from the nort
masts out of her.' He were
there were a instant's lull,
that were almost deafenin'
the north. Thanks to the o
experience, howsever, we
southeast when it hit us, an
"'Steady as you go,' sh

, as she gathered way, he says
'We must let her come to, Mr.
run her in the teeth of the old
e down the helm and let her
as a powerful whiff she took, for
ıd felt the force of the wind, all
asts went short off at the cap, the
ts parted, and in an instant there
of the sail left big enough for a
nief.

it can do,' said the old man to the
'git this trash on deck as soon as
git her a-waggin' once more; I've
ough it safe, and am goin' home,'
he dropped onto the poop as dead
He had come on deck bare-headed
in' on but his drawers and shirt, just
d in his bunk for a fortnight, and the
l carried him off. However, he knowed
t were so near nobody ever could tell.
no doubt, however, but that his gittin'
round were our salvation. If that
struck us aback our masts would have
-st
n, and it's a toss-up but what we'd a-
n stern fust afore she'd a-backed round.
we giv' old Wiggins a funeral fit for the
of Rooshy, and he well desarved it. I
ow as ever I seen a prettier sew-up than we
him, wrappin' him first in the American
and then kiverin' him with brand-new No 4
Considerin' the sails we'd lost and how

much we needed the canvas, I t
been satisfied that we done the l
-him. The day was beautiful a
the wind still blowed a gale.
able to do much with the wrec
lashin's onto it for to keep it fro
and we hadn't dared for to tr
another maintopsail. We had se
sail for to steady her, and that we
to'gallan' masts was still a-hang
and the ribbons of the foresail an
still a-flutterin' in the breeze, wh
at midday, all hands was called
dead. Everythin' that we had i
clothes we had put on for to do
tain, and most of us was able to
and broadcloth. We laid the
plank and kivered him with the
all hands gathered round him, w
read the sarvice. Everythin' wen
at the proper time we tilted th
slipped off without a hitch of a
the mate finished the readin',
there's a good man gone arter a
usefulness. He were a sailor and
don't think as we ought for to cry
and I propose we giv' him three
bless him'; and heartier cheers wa
we giv' that day, arter which al
ner.'

"—— MAS HAS COME."

By Leonard Kip.

alled Beacon Ledge fully fifty years be-
he present lighthouse had been built
For it was said that long ago, when
was a profitable trade along the coast,
y vessels were frequently, by false lights,
o their destruction, there was no more fa-
oint for the exercise of that systematic
nan this rocky, high-lifted bluff. Project-
e or four hundred feet into the sea, with a
y curved, sweeping line, it formed, to be
n the one side, a limited anchorage—safe
or those who knew it; but, upon the other
ooked upon a waste of shoal, dotted, here
, at lowest tide, with craggy breakers, and,
ater, smooth, smiling, and deceitful, with
d dangers. Here, then, upon certain dark
y nights, the flaming beacon of destruc-

** *Overland Monthly*, January, 1870.

tion would glow brightly agair
wildly lighten up the cruel fac
by and piled on the fagots, w
out to sea to mark the effect of
tions. Nor was it until some t
the gangs of wretches were th
and this, their favorite vanta
from them, and the tall, white
curely founded—maintaining i
before been held as a blighting
like a nation's warning finger,
serene glow, pointing out the pat
in the mouths of all the surrou
Beacon Ledge became known
Beacon, and so kept its name, in
cal criticism, or of different and r
ening, by Government authority.
Still, there hung around the p
or traditions of past violence, shi
der—partly true, perhaps, but, do
false, having only a few grains of
ity mingled with all kinds of di
the deeds of pirates being supplem
mere wreckers; the imaginations o
the coast ever inventing plenteous
tales of buccaneering rovers, origi
other localities, being now wilfu
here located, until, at last, there
known crime which could not fi
counterpart at Beacon Ledge, and t
boring shore became a melancho

isaster, and distress. These tales being
d to be very pleasing to most strangers,
efully cultivated and enlarged upon by
erested denizen of the place; and to me,
awhile, they had a peculiar charm. I sel-
ew tired of hearing some grizzled, tar-in-
fisherman reel off his tissue of improbable
ations. For awhile, I say, since there came,
, a day when I cared no longer for such
traditions, forgot the shadowy horrors that
about the spot, and only thought and cared
as the place where I had met and loved dear
Jessie Barkstead.

e was the only child of the lighthouse keeper.
worldly point of view, therefore, was it wisely
e that I should have set my affections upon her?
ssibly not; and it is likely that, had I known the
akness of my mind, I would have shunned the dan-
r from the very first. But I was gay and reckless
my poor self-complacency and deceitful as-
rance of inner strength; and long before I had
airly realized how rapidly I was drifting, I
ound myself whirling down the swift current,
and was lost. Nor was it a marvel that this should
have so happened. To one who sits aloof in his
unromantic, distant home, it is an easy thing, in-
deed, to moralize about matters of inferior station
and *mésalliance*; but I believe that few could have
seen little Jessie, as she first appeared to me, and
not have felt some secret inclination to give way
efore those subtile charms of beauty and man-

ner which invested her. Moreover, mentioned that she was not at all of or education. Old Barkstead was hin man by culture and station, and had master of a gallant ship. In that impo he had been for many years a pleasan officer; but at length, in an evil day, temporary weakness or neglect, he charge, and almost ruined his em world—with what degree of truth c told—had charged the loss upon int storm of obloquy and reproach aros bowed down with self-abasement and had yielded to the blast, and attempte and, after awhile, obtaining, through influence, the custody of the Beacon fled, with his child, to that obscuri trace behind him, and caring only to his life in the quiet of the world's fo

I was myself the occasional tenant c for, during a few weeks of the summ visiting the Penguin Light, some fo distant up the coast. It was a tall a structure, standing upon a jutting almost the duplicate of the Beacon lights glimmering at each other between, and only to be distin night by the different periods Penguin Light was in the Somers, a long-known and mine, who, in past days, had

a boat, and now seemed to regard his office
or the opportunity it gave of entertaining me
r its actual salaried value. Thither, there-
would often repair during the summer
s, avoiding the usual crowded haunts, and
preference to old Barry's pleasant talk and
olitary rambles along the shore; occasionally
ing out to sea, that I might speak friendly pi-
cruising in the distance; and now and then, by
of change and innocent attempt at usefulness,
ng my turn at keeping up and watching over
safety of the lantern-lamps.

t was during one of my lonely wanderings along
beach, when, with gun in hand, I made feeble
d unsuccessful attempts against the lives of the
erry little sand-pipers, that I first saw Jessie.
e sat upon a rock, and was gazing out at sea.
her hand was a book, which she was not reading
—who, indeed, could read collectedly, with that
resh breeze lifting such a pleasant array of dancing
white-caps, and rolling inward those strong bodies
of surf, which broke upon the shore with the ring
of sportive Titans? Her handkerchief had fallen
off her head, and her curls were flying wantonly in
the breeze. I did not, for the moment, dream that
she had any connection with the lighthouse, but
rather that she was a chance city visitor at some in-
land country-house; and so I passed on, not ventur-
ing to speak with her. So, also, the next day, and the
next—finding her always there when I passed, as
though that particular hollow in the rock was her

own especial, allotted refuge-place. At
courage from those frequent meetings, a
from the half smile with which she beg
my coming, I addressed her; and so the
of salutation gradually lengthened into
tion, and, before we were well conscious o
had ripened into terms of intimacy.

How swiftly such matters sometimes
when removed from the stiffness and cere
city life! A week only had passed, and I
find that all my walks led in that one di
Jessie was always at her place, with the
pleted book in her hands; and I, going no
would seat myself beside her, throw down
less gun, let the poor sand-pipers go undi
and so prepare for the comfortable, pleasant
sation of the morning. It was no unattract
time, indeed, to dispose the dry sea-weed
seat; and then, placing my head upon anot
remain half reclined at her feet, listening
lively talk, and pretending to look out u
blue waves, when, all the while, I was s
gazing into the deeper blue of her eyes
when I heard her story—or, so much of it a
she deigned to tell me—did I hold her in
spect. The daughter of the house,
Why, truly, this should matter ing at a
What interest could I have in past or
associations, or how could they
from her own native grace a
her eyes less bright, or was

ır were her attitudes less picturesque and
because old Captain Barkstead, instead of
ing a fleet merchantman, now mopingly
his reflectors, and, when strangers came,
self in the lantern? Moreover, had she
ght with her from her former home, wher-
might be, a wit, and intellect, and intelli-
ıich might adorn any position? What
ld be needful in promotion of a quiet sea-
ion? In a week or ten days I should go
l no longer see her. I should carry off
ıe memories of a very pleasant face, that
s brightened up whenever I came near;
as, after awhile, new forms and scenes
en, I would, of course, forget her. For
might possibly look out longingly after
and, finding that I did not come back,
l, not exactly lose memory of me, I
was to be desired, perhaps, that a few
me would always tinge her future life,
th something of man's selfishness. I
indeed, that she should make herself
out me; but if, when her face had faded
oughts, some little record of myself
antly remain with her, and now and
transitory pang of musing regret, who
y?

n time, I went away. I did not steal
farewell. That would have been
ompense for the many cheery hours
me. But, taking her hand in mine,

I gave to her my heartfelt thanks for all t
ant past, and my cordial wishes for the f
did not know that I should ever meet her
said. I hoped, however, that she would
soon forget me. It was in my heart to u
tender and sentimental words than I had
to use, but I repressed the inclination. I
too a secret hope that she would show sc
for my departure; but, if she felt any at
not allow her expression, or her colo
her. With quiet self-possession, yet wi
interest, too—as when one gives up a p
ued friend—she bade me adieu; and
from her feet the ever-harmless gun, I
round the border of the little bay, and
the city.

There, however, somewhat to my
failed to forget her; and wherever
image of that light, graceful form,
the rock, began to obtrude itself upo
Of course, it was only a fleeting im
soned with myself, and would soon d
as newer scenes and faces forced th
me; and I plunged rather more wil
into society. But the proposed r
have its due effect. In fact, it ha
routine of gayety and formality
trast, to aid the former impressio
seem more real and life-like tha
not be that I was falling in love!
not fail to confess a strange in

ıat I was in danger, was content to let
: whither the current might carry me.
see her once more. There was some-
got to tell her when we parted last," I
yself, trying in vain to establish and
ı transparent self-deceit. "It was about
something. It weighs upon my mind
ıould deem me neglectful of her wishes.
e, therefore, and then—"
: away, so late in the autumn?" inquired
who saw me starting out.
the bay, blue-fishing!" I exclaimed.
real time for it."
Well, good-by, then! Rather too cold
ne, though!"
re, I saw Jessie again—and yet again
Why should I not confess it?—or,
I have already told, what is there left
confess, at all? For now, at last, I
acknowledge to myself that it was not
dship or esteem I felt, but, rather, the
owering passion of real love. Gone,
veil of vapor, were all my sophistries
nited Platonic interest; my dread of
s association; my resolves against pos-
sses; my fear of the world or its sense-
; my prudence, or my self-restraint!
emed to vanish in a day; and, yielding
rishly, a willing captive to bright eyes
tones, upon one fine morning I passed
of safety, and offered her my hand
n

and heart. But, to my sore
softly shook her head.

"You do not love me, then
spoke not merely with sorrow a
but with something of wounc
mortified that she had not at
devotion. Certainly, it had seer
that I was not disagreeable to
no doubt that in her manne
always cordially welcomed
taken pleasure in my company

"I do not know—I hardly
faintly said, drawing her har
me, you are my best and dea
the only one whom I can rea
know how glad I always f
hither; how lonely I am w
But this I do not think is lov
which I should wish to feel."

"But can it never be?" I

"How can I tell? It mi
last; and yet—" She cease
her face a strange, dead loo
—a straining gaze, as thou
eyes far beyond, in another
of the present.

"Yet tell me, Jessie, ha
least, you might let me
further, nor will I ask his
For a moment she did n
with that strange, rapt,

onscious, mechanical motion, rolling the
nd pebbles down the side of the rock.
re was one," she said, at length. "I
know how to tell you about it. I believe
ared for him, and yet I never told him so;
he ever tell me that he loved or cared for
yet, at the time, I thought that he did.
ome time ago—a very long time, it often
o me; nor do I suppose that he and I
meet again And now you know almost
about it as I do myself," she continued,
more fully toward me. "Or what more
? There was no pledge given on either
uttered words—and, of course, it has all
But now and then, when I think about
regret; and it seems to me as though it
ifferent and stronger feeling than that
ave for you. Whether I am mistaken in
s, or how or what I really think, perhaps
vell tell; I am only a simple girl, after
now so very little about love, or what
,"
is-
essie dear," I pleaded, "if you look
old matter as buried and gone—which,
it must be—why think longer about it,
turning to the new and truer affection
I offer you? Believe me, you are
r mind dwell merely upon a dream of
ne of those vain fancies of girlhood,
igh for the time they may control the
no real, vital activity or force."

"It may be so," she said
half-regretful tone. "Inde
it might be that when th
away, I may find that I ha
than I have imagined. I
you seem dear to me as a f
kind to me, making me
coming; yet, at the same
is something wanting in it
not love. You see that I a
Better, then, to leave me; i
not now give you my h
whether, in the future, I ca
not right that I should keep
or expecting what, after all
"Nay, I will not leav
Jessie," I said, impulsivel
at your side, and trust e
that, at some future period
Therefore, dropping the
I remained, and sought, l
attentions, to win some fir
toward me, but feeling, at
sore and angry with myself
was I now maintaining th
of spirit, which I had alway
blinded and devoted of lo
it not been my cherishe
should surrender his fre
obtaining in return the
unselfish devotion? Yet,

ole soul to a blind passion, rendered more and ,re absorbing, doubtless, by the opposition I perienced, and for response I found myself lling to be content with even the cinders of a rmer and only half-dead affection; trusting, as , many men have vainly trusted, that by earnest are and assiduity, I might, at last, re-illume the ading spark, and make its new brightness glow for ne.

So passed the autumn, during which I made frequent journeys between coast and city; striving, at times, with the cares of business to drive her image from my mind, and finding myself continually drawn back again to that quiet nook which, gifted with her presence, had become to me the brightest and only happy spot on earth. These frequent departures, so contrary to my usual habit, soon began to excite the inquiries and surmises of my friends. Fishing and shooting protracted into the season so far as almost to touch the edge of the winter, no longer served as satisfactory excuses for my absences; and there were some among my friends, who, in their speculations, came very near the truth, and hinted suspicions of some rustic passion. But still, turning off their insinuations with a laugh, I kept my secret—holding it the more carefully and earnestly, as I now began to see hope dawning for me in the future.

For now, at last, it seemed as if I was about to prosper in my suit. Each time that I came, Jessie ppeared yet more pleased to see me—more willing

to give me that attracti
only exist in full perfecti
lovers ; less disposed to
tion with any critical
whether this or that feeli
the line between friendsh
at times, to surrender t
ination, confess herself
her whole heart to my k

" A little longer," sh
somewhat more sure of

" And how much lon

" Till Christmas,
comes, I will either be
you away forever. Wi

" It must, perforce
terms," I answered ; a
my city life. It was n
there resolutely until
had come ; but at last
pense, I stole back to
now only two days f
colder, of course, so t
place outside upon
and talk in the shelt
disturbed by old Ba
and moped out of
shaft.

" Only two days
" and then— Will
think ?"

—I begin to think it will be well," she
ng away.
if so you think, why should you longer
r choice?" I pleaded.
George, it is only two days more. Let
remain as first we said, and we shall be
er satisfied at having held out to the proper

ing nothing more from her, but feeling, in
n mind, well assured of ultimate success, I
ed to depart. Not to return to the city,
d, for that would scarcely be worth while for
a little interval—but to the Penguin Light,
e Barry Somers, as usual, had a place ready
me. But, as I was leaving, a sudden idea
ck me—a wild, foolish fancy, it might be—yet,
ing, as it did, with a certain investiture of
ginality, it fastened itself firmly and tenaciously
on me, and with animation I returned upon my
ps.
Listen, dear Jessie!" I said. "Until Christ-
s morning, therefore, I will not see you again,
I do not wish thus vainly to renew my plead-
, and it will be pleasanter to know that when
et you once more, it will be with sweet confes-
on your lips, and the permission to look upon
henceforward as my own. But still, while
thus separated, can we not commune
?"
George?"
the lights,

dear Jessie. See here, now!

Mark how easily we can arrange our sign
that, across the intervening miles, we can
secret intelligence, and no one but ourselve
wiser! Look!—I will now write you out
signs, and with them, at night, we will hol
intercourse. This very evening I will contro
lamps at Penguin Light, and you shall read w
will therewith tell you. To-morrow you wil
swer me from here; and I, in turn, will dec
your sweet words. Will not that be a ra
well as pleasant correspondence?"

At the suggestion, her eyes brightened u
animated excitement, and at once she pr
to second my plan. How, indeed, co
young girl help approving of such a
conception? To talk with beacon-lights
five miles of foaming, heaving waters, wh
around was dark and dreary!—to flash fro
sympathetic heart to another the glowin
nals of intelligence comprehended by no
persons! — would not that be an achi
which would not only give pleasure
present performance of it, but
recollection of it throughout future
sitting down again, she eagerly lis
while I, drawing a paper from my
down the requisite tokens, somethi
usual signs employed in ordinary
short and simple—and left them in h
I saw at once that she comprehended
so, feeling no doubt that she woul

reading, in her pleased con-
g that novel secret with me,
ıtions of affection, that, for the
ırcely resist once more throw-
pity, and asking instant assur-
ss.
/ere I now to win her, in anti-
ɔredetermined Christmas-day,
ıomething from the zest of the
ɔrrespondence?
nyself, I returned to Penguin
a little troubled with the idea
ght not be able to manage the
ɔut, almost to my joy, I found
.ng of his rheumatism, hobbling
ıg wrathfully up the winding
ɔrecation of his approaching
ch I seized the favorable oppor-
relieving him, forwarded my

ɔr this night, Barry. Do you
nd make yourself comfortable,
.ch in the lantern, and tend the

ɜep awake, Georgy, my boy, do

, Barry."
sole answer, Barry stumped
et below—which he called his
carefully away upon his old
unted to the lantern. There—

the hour
lamps, a
hours o
Meanwh
had prc
necessar
wicks w
any acc
the end
incruste
care wa
I aw
pointed
sky ha
seen.
for now
tion, e
Beacon
the sid
of a d
was pc
so, fo
turned
bank
north,
thoug
only c
heavie
sullen
shore.
I p

ı frame of polished reflectors swung
ı each minute, within a few inches
eneath was the projecting handle of
ver, by pressing upon which the
ld be instantly arrested. Stooping
sit at ease, with my head clear from
ith the lamps, and in that position
: lever-handle within easy reach.
a moment until the reflectors pointed
d Beacon Ledge, I pressed upon the
thereby suspended the revolution.
d motionless I held the machinery for
and then, lifting the rod, allowed the
ommence, and gazed anxiously toward
ıthouse. For a moment, no response;
its reflectors came slowly around and
ard me, they, too, ceased in their
full minute. With that my heart ex-
signal for conversation had been seen
d. So far, all went satisfactorily, and
thing left but to commence the main
the night.

uld I talk to Jessie about? I could not
lengthy sentences, indeed—for that,
ıtience would not suffice. Nor could I
ıy especial piece of news: all such
d already been discussed between us.
seem any thing but ridiculous to repeat,
labored manner, any of the ordinary
aces about health, or the time, or
The most I could do, in fact, would be

o long for me to wait. It was a short message, deed, but the difficulty of thus spelling it out, ter by letter, made it long enough. Already, e I had finished, my arm, as well as my atten- n, was fatigued; and when, at last, I made the ng signal of conclusion, and gained, in reply, he token that I had been comprehended, I felt hat I had done enough for one night, at least.

Then, remaining awake, with some difficulty, until morning came, I put out the lights, and went down to see after old Barry. He was better; his rheumatism had not troubled him as much as he had feared; he would get up, and himself trim the lights for the coming night, and I had better lie down and rest. Which I gladly did, for I was tired, indeed, and began to have a suspicion that, though lighthouse telegraphy might be a pleasant excitement for once, it was inferior, as a steady means of communication, to the regularly estab- lished mails. So, I slept the sleep of the weary, if not of the just; and the morning was far advanced when I awoke.

The new day was not stormy, as I had partly anticipated it would be, nor yet was it clear and beautiful. The gale seemed slowly coming on, but had not quite reached us. The sky was thick with scudding clouds, racing wildly from north to south; the air was cold and cheerless; the sea rolled in with a more powerful swell than usual, breaking along the shore with a boom like that of heavy artillery. The gulls flew to and fro, scream-

—MAS HAS COME."

ldition al opportunity to nurse his
As before, he made some feeble show
by way of reconciling his mind to
rest, and then readily succumbed.
Georgy, my boy," he said. "That
not already too tired. But I don't
ow as last night, and may yet crawl
e you."
asy, Barry," I said. "It is not much
e. I could stand it this fashion for a

I left him alone in his snuggery, and
tairs to the top. As upon the previous
hted the lamps, set the machine in mo-
curled myself down in a corner of the
till midnight. I did not at once fall
ver. The gale, which had been pre-
last thirty hours, now began to come
rbing me with the sound of the wind
hrilly through every crack and crevice
lighthouse itself constantly trembled
it. Even at that height, I could hear
sh of the breakers against the shore;
ould see, by the tremulous movement
out to the eastward, that a large
passing, and was laboring toilsomely
than usually heavy sea. She was in
however, and gradually passed away
e of vision. Then, at last, I fell
gh not into the soft, quiet slumber
lly enjoyed. Even in my dreams the

tempest
torted in
so often
pirates,
perpetra
actual li
vessels
rows of
shore, a
bodies.
being w
beyond
conscio
was pla
upon th
aloud, a
me, and
" Lo
Beacon
lights a
I lool
ing, mo
minute
accusto
Thereb
full an
oversle
portion
it, ind
" W
" H

u make of yonder business? Is it some accide
the works, do you think?—or has old Bar
ead gone on a spree again, as they say he on
d, and is now playing fast and loose with t
ghts?"

While he had been speaking, new revolution
roken, by longer or shorter pauses, had su
eeded; and I deciphered the additional lette
A and S.

"Whatever it may be, Barry," I then answere
—forcing myself to attend to him, and feeling
little guilty for being obliged to keep the mys
terious secret from him—"don't you see that noth
ing can be done about it, now? Go, therefore, t
bed again. This cold lantern is no place for you
to remain in. And to-morrow, bright and early,
I will go out myself, and ascertain what may be
the matter."

With that, I gently pushed Barry down the first
two or three steps, and heard him go grumbling
and puffing the rest of the way to his own nook.
Meanwhile, the bright signalling from Beacon Point
went on—letter after letter—until, at last, I read
out the whole sentence:

"——mas has come."

"Christmas has come!" This, of course, was
he completion of the message; for it was not now
ifficult to supply those letters which, through my
rdy awakening, I had missed. My heart

accident
d Bark-
he once
rith the

utions,
l suc-
letters

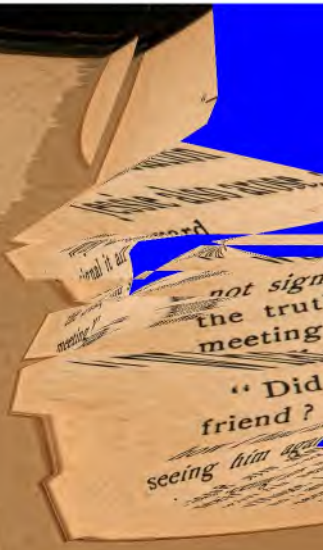
vered
ng a
mys-
oth-
to

ss over to the Beacon Ledge," I
out what was the matter last

breakfast, boy?" growled the

I care for breakfast! My heart
y to care for any carnal needs;
ith some lame excuse for my
y sense of continued deception
y mind, I set off, promising a
he task that I had set myself was
ould not wonder at the solemn
with which Barry watched my
mpest was at its height, and a
in and ocean-spray drove wildly
ch step. The breakers dashed
beach—so furiously, indeed,
along the hard-pressed sand
ble, and I was obliged to take
n the loose, yielding pebbles.
ely and determinedly, though
ny steps, and buffeted in my
two hours, reached the other

emony, and, in the angle of
—our usual trysting-place
f the season had denied us
—I found dear Jessie. But
side her, and too near, I
aced young man, who, at
with a miserably counter-



comprehend? Or can it be that I had never
Pened to mention his name to you?"
"Ah!" I feebly exclaimed, the light breaking
upon me; "Thomas was the word, then, was
I thought—but no matter now for my
oughts. Well, farewell, Jessie. There can be
good word or wish that any one may give you
at will not always be uttered twofold from my
eart. You know it, kind friend, do you not?"
"I know it, George, indeed," she said.
And, tearing myself from her, I returned to city
fe. There I gave myself once more up to busi-
ess and its cares, in hopes of drowning my disap-
ointment; and now, after long months of sad
egret, I have nearly succeeded, and have become
nyself again. But, at times, I lie awake in the
iddle of the night and listen to the city's roar,
nd in the sound I seem to hear once more the
lay of breakers on the shore at Beacon Ledge;
nd then I think, with sadness, how different
ight have been my lot, had I not so foolishly
etermined to utter, with the lighthouse lamps,
d so many miles across, those words of greeting
hich should have been softly whispered instead,
lowly pleading lips, into closely attentive,
lling ears.

A
ning
Please